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G. W. EATON, D.D., LL.D. (1860).

GEORGE W. EATON, D.D., LL.D.

A MEMORIAL

BY

GEORGE W. LASHER, D.D., LL.D.



PUBLISHED BY COLGATE UNIVERSITY

HAMILTON, N. Y.

1913

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—TO—
THE BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY
OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK

TO THE OBJECT OF WHICH THE SUBJECT OF THIS MEMORIAL
DEVOTED HIS LIFE—THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG
MEN CALLED OF GOD TO THE
CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

PREFACE.

When, in 1872, the subject of this Memorial passed to his heavenly home, it was thought, and probably expected, that, in a short time, a volume, giving account of his life, his work, and his personality, would be prepared by some member of his immediate family. All his children were then living, and abundant material seemed at hand.

But, when search was made for literary remains, it was found that, with the exception of two addresses and the two sermons which are given here, nothing of permanent value was available. Large quantities of manuscripts were turned over, but they were only scraps. Nothing was complete. His habits of thought were his own. After the merest suggestion of a theme, immediately committed to paper, he seemed to need nothing else. The subject entered into his thinking in such a way that further writing was needless. He was ready when the occasion came.

Those who might have written a biography went each his way, and the thought that such a volume might become a superfluity seemed to make the pub-

PREFACE

lication hazardous. Forty years have now passed, and only three of his children remain, no one of them ready to undertake the long-neglected task. The generous proposal of the Board of Trustees of the University now makes it incumbent on the author of this volume to give it to the press. It has been a labor of love to which another has contributed valuable reminiscences, and a considerable number of others have been drawn upon for what adds greatly to the value of the Memorial. It is with a degree of satisfaction, and yet not without misgivings, that the author commits it to the press. His acquaintance with Dr. Eaton extended through just twenty years, much of the time in sacred intimacy. Now he looks upon it all through a vista of forty other years and marvels that they seem so few.

CINCINNATI, O., April 10, 1913.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "G. D. Lasher". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

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GEORGE W. EATON, D.D., LL.D.

I.

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

George Washington Eaton was born on a farm near Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1804. His father was "Joseph, son of David, son of Joseph, son of John, who immigrated from Radnor, Wales, in 1686." Such was the inscription on the father's tombstone in the old Baptist burying ground, in Berlin Township, Ohio. Joseph and John were family names, and George was the first of his family to bear any other than a Scripture name. But, because he was born so near the Fourth of July, "Independence Day," an exception was made in his case, and he was named for "the Father of his Country."

His mother was Bathsheba Sackett, of whose family, because of her removal from the vicinity of her early life, but little is known. It is known, however, that she was an excellent wife and mother, a devout Christian, who brought up her children in the fear of God and had the pleasure of seeing them all make profession of faith in Christ and members of Baptist churches. She outlived her husband by many years, and was permitted to see three of her sons in the pulpit at the same time, and another son a deacon in the same church. Her children who grew to manhood and womanhood were Isaac, James, George,

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Elizabeth (Wilson), Mary (Cunningham), Rachel (Crawford), Joseph, and David (died in early manhood).

The grandfather of the family, David, had settled in a new country, in the primeval forests of Central Pennsylvania, remote from the other settlements nearer the coast. Joseph was a lad when the war of the Revolution came on, soon after which a band of Indians from Canada came into that section of the country, principally in search of scalps, upon which a bounty had been set by British officials in the north. A tradition in the family was that the grandmother (mother of Joseph) was captured and killed by the Indians. Dr. Joseph H. Eaton took occasion to learn the story from an aunt, who was one of the captured and rescued. The story is as follows:

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

In the year 1778, June 10th, a party of Indians, five in number, came into Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, as it was called at that day, now Huntingdon, and lay by the side of an old log near the home of Mr. David Eaton. In the morning, very early, Mr. Eaton started for a mill about thirteen miles distant, intending next day to remove his family to a block house at some distance. Two of his boys went, the same morning, to a near neighbor's to help him shell some corn to take to mill. After they had shelled the corn, the three (the two young boys of Mr. Eaton and the neighbor) started off to the mill. The Indians seeing the man and the boys start off, three of them ran around to waylay them. About a mile or two from the house the road forked, a new road having been cut, but very little traveled. When they came thus far they halted, to consult as to which of the two

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roads they should take. After some conversation, they concluded to take the new road; and well it was that they did, for about two hundred yards in advance on the old road the three Indians lay in a hollow. The man and the boys had just arrived at the mill when another man came riding at the top of his horse's speed. He had taken the old road and the Indians had jumped from their concealment and fired on him. At the first fire his horse sprang, and no doubt saved his life. One of their balls entered his thigh and broke it. He, however, clung to the horse till he arrived at the mill. The three Indians then returned to their comrades and they proceeded to the house.

Mrs. Eaton and four children were there, the eldest about eleven years old, the next seven, another four, and a baby eleven months. The first notice they had of the Indians, they were standing at the door flourishing their tomahawks in order to keep any one from going out. Mrs. Eaton fainted, and one of the children ran under the bed. The Indians, after rummaging the house and taking what they could carry conveniently, started, taking Mrs. Eaton and three of the children. Before they left, however, they set fire to the house.

They had not been gone long before the little girl who had remained under the bed thought she would run out and hide in the woods. As she passed around a corner of the house, one of the Indians saw her and returned and took her. She did not recollect anything from the time she saw the Indian reach out his hand to seize her until she caught up with the rest. After they had traveled some distance, they stopped, and the Indians put moccasins on all the children. They urged them on at a rapid pace for twelve miles over mountains. Mrs. Eaton here became so fatigued that she could not proceed any farther. She was a very large and fleshy woman, and the Indians compelled her to carry her child, which was very large and fat. She attempted to give it to her son to carry, but the Indians raised their tomahawks and threatened to bury them in their heads if he took it. The

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little girl also attempted to take it, but the Indians would not suffer her to do so. Mrs. Eaton finally sank down beside a log, wearied out, and told them that she could not proceed any farther. Two of them stopped with her, and the others went on, taking the children. In about an hour the two came up, having the scalps of Mrs. Eaton and her child. They would take the scalps in their mouths and shake them in the faces of the children and tell them that if they made any noise they would serve them in the same way. One of the Indians carried the youngest little girl on his back. They pushed on rapidly until night, when they stopped and bound the children.

In the morning they proceeded rapidly, but when they supposed they were out of danger, they stopped and began hunting. They killed a buffalo. They had brought with them some provisions which they had taken from the house. The Indian who was left to watch them amused himself by taking one of the dresses of the little girl, and, throwing it around his shoulders and putting a cap on his head, dancing around her and making all kinds of grimaces. They dried part of the buffalo which they had killed. They put up some forked sticks, laid others across them, and then, cutting the flesh in large, thin pieces, laid them across the sticks, and thus dried them. This was their food for three days, and the children received but little of it.

On the third day they found some leeks and filled their stomachs with them. They traveled on until they became very hungry, and the Indians again halted to hunt. The little girl, seeing a dead carcass, which looked like that of a cow [probably a buffalo], lying in a swamp, ran to it and rubbed off some of the skin, which she could do very easily, and pulled off a double handful of flesh, took it to the fire and roasted it, and ate it, and she said it was certainly the sweetest meat she ever ate. The Indians did the same. They killed some game there and then traveled on. They crossed a river. The Indians made the little boy and girl go across first. The boy took his little sister by the hand to keep her from falling. The

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water was nearly to their chins. The Indians here caught several large crabs, and they would hold them to the little girl's nose to see her distress and pain. They traveled over mountains, to ascend which they had to pull themselves up by shrubs and twigs. After a tedious march they at length reached the Indian village; but before they entered, the Indians raised the whoop, that the people of the village might prepare to meet them.

The whole village turned out, men, women and children, as is their custom on such occasions, and arranged themselves in two long rows, and the children were told that they must run the gauntlet; the boys were to whip the boy and the girls the girl. One who could talk English told them that if they would run to the council house, which he pointed out to them, they would be safe as soon as they entered it. The word was given and they started. The little girl was nearly beaten to death. She was so beaten in the face that she was blind for three days. The boy used a little stratagem and escaped. In the bustle of the starting, as they all rushed up in a crowd, he slipped to one side and threw himself behind a brush heap, and lay close to the ground; and when he saw the way open and all scattered about, he leaped up, ran with all his might and got to the council house, receiving but one lick just as he was entering.

The Indians danced all that night. An old squaw took pity on the little girl, gathered some herbs, boiled them, and washed her bruises until they were healed. Here the children were separated. One took the boy and another the girls. They went on toward Canada, to which they had been ordered to bring all prisoners. At the next town the girl (the oldest one) saw her brother gathering berries. She jumped up with joy and ran to embrace him. He gave her some berries; but a great, swarthy Indian came running up and snatched her away, and would not suffer them to speak to each other. They never saw each other again until they reached Canada.

The little girl remained in that village a long time, but

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she could not get half enough to eat. Sometimes she would set her ingenuity to work to get some food. She would ask the privilege of going out some distance to bring wood. When liberty was granted, she would slip out and drive a cow away from the wigwams, behind some bushes, and there milk into her mouth until she was satisfied. One day an old squaw saw her and told the man to whom she belonged. He tied her up and gave her a severe whipping. But this did not deter her from doing the same thing again, when she got an opportunity, and though she received many whippings, she preferred them to the hunger. Sometimes she would take one of the troughs in which the Indians caught sugar water, made of the bark of a tree, and holding about two quarts, and she would milk this full and hide it away beside an old log, cover it up, and when she could find an opportunity slip out and take a drink. She was obliged to wait upon an old hag, the mother of the man to whom she belonged, who treated her very badly.

At length they left this village and reached Niagara. On the way the Indians procured some whisky and determined to have a frolic. They told the squaws to take the prisoners away, lest when they became excited they should kill them. The squaws took them around a hill and built up a little fire. One of the Indians discovered it and came up and struck at the little girl with his knife; but a squaw caught his arm and thus saved her life. He, however, cut a gash in her hand, which is visible to this day. The squaws pacified him, so that he made no further attempt to kill the prisoners. They soon arrived in Canada, where they were again compelled to run the gauntlet. The council house here was in a hollow and a hill sloped down to it. The Indians arranged themselves on this, and the prisoners were told the same thing as at the other place. The little girl, fearing the same treatment as before, ran with all her might and escaped unhurt.

Here there was a council of British officers, and they purchased the little girl, paying eight dollars for her. As soon as they had struck the bargain, the Indians pushed her away

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to the officers, to signify that they had nothing more to do with her. Her little sister had been brought in a few days before, and when the British officers saw her they scolded the Indians for bringing so small a prisoner. They said it was a bill of expense to them, and that they would not give as much for her as they would for her scalp. The Indian told them that he could not find it in his heart to kill her; he had carried her all the way on his back. However, he took her out to a pond, not far distant, threw her in and walked away. A Dutch woman living near, on her way to a spring, heard a splashing, and went to see what it was; and seeing the child, got her out with a long pole and took her home and concealed her. The Indian soon returned, with the intention of getting her scalp. Not finding her, he began to search for her in all the houses near by, no one daring to forbid him. The Dutch woman took her and put her in a closet and covered her with old rags. The Indian looked into the closet, and took up every rag, except the last one, which covered her, and finally gave up the search.

The brother was taken by a merchant in Detroit. The merchant went away to purchase goods. His wife said that the boy was too great an eater and would break them up. She said that he could eat a slice of bread, all around the loaf, and drink a pint of tea. So, to draw up his entrails, she boiled oak bark and made him drink about a quart. This so drew up his entrails that it threw him into a fever, and he soon died. The merchant was very sorry, for he thought a great deal of the boy. I was sent for to take care of him. After I had been with him four years, the man with whom I lived removed to Montreal, and, after peace was declared, my father, hearing that we were still living, came and took us home. My sister was at Niagara.

The way my father came to know that we were still living was this: One day, as I was passing along, I heard some one call my name. I turned around and saw a woman standing in a door of a house. She beckoned to me to come to her,

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and asked me if I was not the daughter of David Eaton. I said that I was, and she asked me if any of my sisters and brothers were living. I told her that my sister was living, but my brother was dead. When peace was declared they gathered all the prisoners together for the purpose of sending them home. I told them that I did not wish to return. I knew that my mother was dead, and I did not know that my father was living. So I remained. This woman, who was acquainted with me, returned to Pennsylvania soon after, saw my father, and told him about me and my brother. As soon as he could he came for us. I did not know him. Before I was taken his hair was black, but now it was very gray.

II.

REMOVAL TO OHIO AND EDUCATION.

When George was one year old, in 1805, his father removed his family to Berlin Township, Delaware County, Ohio, between the present cities of Columbus and Delaware. It is to-day a beautiful country, with few superiors for grazing, grain and fruits. For several years he was prosperous and was rearing his family in more than ordinary comfort. But, becoming "surety for a friend," he became involved and lost a large share of his accumulations. At the time of his settlement in Berlin the Indians were somewhat numerous, though usually friendly; but the tradition of the fate of the grandmother made the presence of Indians in the neighborhood far from agreeable. George was accustomed to show a scar on one of his feet and to philosophize on the circumstances of its infliction as follows:

When about ten years old, he was cutting firewood near the house, when, suddenly, he heard a "whoop," and, looking up, saw the head of an Indian bobbing up from behind a woodpile. In his fright he let the ax fall upon his bare foot and inflict a deep cut. The Indians (for there were more than one) entered the house, in a friendly way, and lingered for some time, the boy keeping his eyes upon them, in great fear.

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When at last they departed he became conscious of his foot. It had not bled during all the time; but now, when the fear had passed away, he discovered the flowing blood and felt the pain. He was accustomed to tell the story (sometimes to his classes) as illustrative of the power of the mind over the body, the possibility that, under the influence of a great mental strain, the physical organs may cease to perform their functions.

As the family of Joseph Eaton began to reach maturity, it became evident that not all could be kept on the farm. Isaac, having given himself to Christ, still further devoted his life to the ministry of the gospel, and with what education he could "pick up" became a preacher in the Freewill Baptist Church. He finally removed to Missouri and to Kansas, where he reared a large family, of which, in the second generation, but little is known by their relatives. He lived to a good old age and was highly esteemed as a frontier preacher.

James, the second son, received a good education, for his time, and, being "apt in figures," became a land surveyor as well as farmer, and finally moved into the city of Delaware, where, for many years, he was a pillar and a deacon of the Baptist Church. His wife was Elizabeth Caulkins and his children were George C., Henry J., and a daughter Laura, who became the wife of Thomas C. O'Kane, author of some of our best-known Sunday-school songs and music. George C. became a member of the Delaware Baptist Church;

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but Henry united with the Methodist church in the same city, where he was an active Christian, as also a successful lawyer, his two wives (sisters) both being members of the Baptist church. Laura went with her husband to the Methodist church, though still retaining her Baptist principles.

Joseph H., the fourth son, graduated from what is now Colgate University, in the Class of '37, and became a teacher in Tennessee and died President of Union University in Murfreesboro, in 1859, leaving two sons and a daughter; the daughter, Josephine, became the wife of Alonzo Peck, of Hamilton, N. Y., and has been for many years connected with *The Western Recorder*, in Louisville, Ky. Wayland, the youngest child, died while yet a lad. The oldest son was Rev. Thomas Treadwell Eaton, D.D., LL.D., for many years editor of *The Western Recorder* and pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Louisville, one of the most prominent ministers in the South.

III.

IN PURSUIT OF EDUCATION.

As George grew up (and he grew to six feet three inches), it became evident that he could not be kept on the farm. He had aspirations and gave promise of a career. He had become a sincere Christian, and his heart was drawn toward the ministry of the gospel. After getting what he could out of the common school, he was sent to Gambier, about twenty miles from his home, to what was to become known as Kenyon College, then in its incipiency, under the presidency of its founder, Bishop Leander Chase, a pioneer of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio. Among his fellow students at Gambier was Salmon P. Chase, a nephew of the Bishop, with whom was formed an acquaintance and a mutual esteem which was continued through the rest of both lives. The President formed a high opinion of his pupil and became a friend to be gratefully and even lovingly remembered in all subsequent years. It was during his two or more years at Gambier that the incidents of what came to be known as "The Butter Story" occurred. As written by one of his daughters and published in *The Journal and Messenger* for March 1, 1906, it was as follows:

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"THE BUTTER STORY."

BY MRS. L. E. LASHIER.

"Father, please tell the 'butter story.'"

I know not what subtle association recalled little Mary's plea, but it has decided a half-formed purpose of many years—"I will write for the boys of to-day the story of a boy of long ago."

Commencement is over. The culminating point of the year has been reached and passed. The sonorous Latin of the President has ceased to resound through the hall. The greetings of the Salutatorian and the farewells of the Valedictorian are ended. The honorable Board of Trustees has taken its departure. The actual and the expectant recipients of the D.D.'s and the LL.D.'s have retired from the scene, the former to recover from the shock of newly-descended honors, the latter to conceal present disappointment, to "put a cheerful courage on" and hope for better things in the future. The debris on the campus, of frayed collars, toothless combs and broken-backed brushes, betrays the fact that the undergraduate had a clearing-up time before leaving his room to the lonely spider. The empty corridors give forth a hollow echo to the footfall of some belated Academe. No sound from the belfry vibrates on the air. Visitors and students have been borne away by the crowded stages; the silence of vacation is falling upon the little village, and to-morrow it will seem as if the fairy in the story of the "Sleeping Beauty" had returned, to touch everything with her wand, not to awaken till the college bell shall rouse it to life again.

Though the hamlet wears a deserted air, some guests still linger, loath to leave the charming hospitality of "Woodland Height," the vine-embowered home of the genial Professor of Theology. The host, released from the confinement of the class room, the formality of the faculty meeting and the dis-

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tasteful duties of the discipline committee, is in his happiest mood.

A congenial company gathers around the table at the late dinner. The brilliant essayist, whose magazine articles delight the reader, proves himself as delightful in conversation, scattering golden grains of thought as lavishly as if each one did not possess a commercial value.

There are present, too, the poet and the humorist, between whom there is a veritable pyrotechnic display of witticism and repartee. An enjoyable feature of the occasion is that the talkers have delighted listeners in the bright-eyed children, hitherto relegated to the second table during Commencement Week, and to whom the dinner hour seemed woefully long, before the stir of rising guests announced that waiting time was over, and, alas, too, the fact that hardly a scrap of chicken pie or other unusual dainty remained for the hungry crowd. But to-day the circle has so narrowed that there is room for the children, and keenly do they enjoy and long will they retain the impressions received, making them potent influences in the education of heart and mind.

One and another had told humorous or pathetic incidents, when, during a lull in the conversation, little Mary slipped down from her chair, and, stealing round to her father's side, laid her hand on his arm and whispered: "Father, please tell the butter story."

He shook his head; but his neighbor had heard the murmur, and repeated: "The butter story!" "The butter story! the butter story!" a chorus of voices clamored, and, with the deprecatory remark, "It's not much of a story, but the children like to hear it," the professor yielded.

I fear it will not seem much of a story as I shall tell it, but could I reproduce the vivid language and gesture with which the tale was told by its hero, it would produce an impression upon the reader, and the lesson would not be lost upon the boy of to-day, as it was not on the boy of long ago.

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"The harrowing incidents I am about to relate," said the professor, "happened when I was a boy in the Buckeye State, my father being a pioneer, who had removed from Pennsylvania. His former home was in the vicinity of the Wyoming massacre; his mother and several of her children falling victims in that terrible calamity.

"Many were the hardships in making a home in the wilderness. Great vigilance was needed to protect our growing corn from the marauding bear, who had his den in the depths of the forest, still tenanted by wolf and panther. We were frequently startled by the appearance of wandering Indians; and well do I remember that fearful day when, during the War of 1812, a neighboring Colonel, wishing to test the courage of his troops, gave the Indian war whoop. Immediately the soldiers sprang to arms, with the exception of one, who ran down the valley crying: 'The Indians are coming! Flee for your lives!' Great was the exodus, as far and wide the tidings spread, a terror-stricken mother even dropping her baby in her flight. It was long before the false alarm was quieted and the frightened people returned to their homes.

"Hard work and sometimes scanty fare was the portion of the children who crowded the log cabin, but there was nothing sordid about our life.

"Both father and mother had inherited a love of learning from their Welsh ancestry, and we were taught to put the highest value on education. I was a devourer of books from my earliest years; whether this fact, or that of my utter distaste for farm work, had the most to do with my parents' decision I do not know, but the fiat went forth, 'George must go to college'; accordingly I became a pupil of that enthusiastic instructor, Bishop Chase, the founder of Kenyon College. Here I formed the friendship, which lasted through maturer years, with his nephew, Salmon P. Chase (afterward so eminent).

"It was a rare thing to go to college in those days, and

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I was the only boy so distinguished for miles around. I say 'boy' in looking backward; but I verily thought myself a man then. So set up was I in my own opinion that it was with rather a dismayed feeling that I listened to the request of my landlady, on the occasion of my first visit home: 'Mr. Eaton'—how good that 'Mister' sounded!—'does your mother make butter?'

" 'Yes, ma'am,' I answered.

" 'I am very anxious,' continued Mrs. R., 'to get some good butter, and I would be greatly obliged if you would bring me ten pounds or so when you return.'

" Though the thought passed through my mind that it was hardly the thing for a collegian to be carrying butter, I concealed my chagrin and answered as politely as I could that I would be happy to do so.

" I walked the twelve miles, oh! so eager, to get home to mother, and as gladly was I received. Indeed, so much fuss was made over me that my self-esteem was largely increased. The self-complacency of Jack Horner after his successful plumbing operation was as nothing to mine. But all day Sunday the thought of that butter was the fly in the ointment of my enjoyment.

" I did not prefer my request until Monday morning, hoping devoutly that mother would be out of butter; but, owing perhaps to my protracted absence, she had an unusual supply on hand and could send Mrs. R. some just as well as not.

" My elder brother was teaching the district school, which I had formerly attended, two miles from my home, and urged me to stop on my way to college and visit my former comrades.

" I could not resist the opportunity to exhibit my newly-acquired dignity, but I feared being guyed by the boys for carrying butter; so to his 'Come on, it's time to go,' I said: 'You go on, and I'll come after a while.'

" Mother wrapped the beautiful but detested balls each in a clean white cloth, then the whole in a snowy napkin, and

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knotted securely round the bundle a bandanna handkerchief, and placed it in my reluctant hand as she kissed me good-bye.

"I arrived at the schoolhouse an hour after my brother left home, and approached it from the windowless side, lest some one should peek and see the impedimenta I bore.

"'How could I conceal it? Ah! I have it.' The schoolhouse, situated on the edge of a wood, was built of logs, one of which jutted out a short distance from the ground, forming a kind of shelf, on which I placed my butter, intending after a short stay to take it again and resume my journey, and no one be the wiser.

"My entrance causes a suppressed excitement; I hear whispered remarks: 'Smart! Goin' to college! Studyin' Greek 'n' Latin!'

"My brother requested me to take charge of the advanced class in Arithmetic. I tried to appear very much at my ease, assuming an attitude as much like a college professor as possible. My class consisted of three young ladies. The one with curls, laughing blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, I had been wont to think of as a sweetheart.

"If it were not for that butter on the log I should feel very well indeed; but, after all, nobody will be apt to find it. Alas, for the flattering unction! As the teacher calls, 'The boys go out!' a chill makes me shiver. What if they should discover the bandanna?

"My direst fears are realized; for hardly has the door closed when it is burst open and a shrill voice cries: 'George Eaton! George Eaton! The hogs 's got y'r butter!'

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

"All my plumage of self-complacency drooping; a spectacle to the whole school, my humiliation was complete as I followed the boys to the scene of devastation.

"As I have said, the schoolhouse was on the edge of a wood. It was the custom of Ohio farmers then, as it is of many in the South to-day, to turn the hogs loose to subsist on 'the mast' of the forest, the acorns that covered the ground

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in the fall. Can you blame the foragers for regaling themselves on the fat of the land when it was placed so temptingly within their reach?

"The hogs driven far afield, the boys aided me in gathering up the fragments.

"Here and there a roll, they called out, 'wasn't teched'; but the most of it was bemired beyond redemption, the imprint of the divided hoof being a trademark not recognized in my mother's kitchen.

"The white napkin was torn to shreds, and the bandanna as dilapidated as a battle flag after the war.

"In language more forcible than elegant my whilom companion, Ike Cunningham, voiced the anathema of my debased spirit: 'Darn'd ol' ho-ogs!'

"If the boys suspected my mean stuckupishness, they were too considerate to add to my misery by taunting me as I deserved; but I knew it myself, and that was enough.

"A sadder and a wiser boy, I retraced my steps to replenish my stock, and, relieved of the incubus of self-conceit, passed the schoolhouse going collegeward, whistling as I went.

"Ah, my friends, my pride had a fall in that Ohio clearing, and it never had a resurrection. If, in after life, I found such a feeling trying to gain possession of forbidden ground, a vision of that scene of long ago would rise before me. I saw again the log schoolhouse, the tall hickories, the black walnuts, the russet-leaved oaks and the grunting quadrupeds; and as I seemed to hear again the cry, 'George Eaton! George Eaton! The hogs 's got y'r butter!' the ignoble thoughts fled like the vandal swine."

Our hostess gave an addendum to the professor's story, as follows: "It was a number of years after this incident, when I was a young lady in Schenectady, that I met on his way to the packet a young man who had that day graduated as the valedictorian of his class with the highest honors Old Union could give. He was escorting his landlady, who was to take a journey by canal, and the newly-elected tutor was

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carrying the baby. He had come to know that no kindly act is degrading to the doer, whether he be a king, baking cakes on a cottager's hearth, or a college boy carrying butter."

Those who were so privileged as to know Dr. Eaton, for so many years President of Madison University, will find it difficult to believe that he could ever have exhibited the feelings confessed by him in this narrative, so foreign to his nature do they seem. He never looked down upon men; he raised them to his level. He never patronized, but always found a common standpoint from which to address his brother man, of whatever station.

I have seen him delight an audience with his graphic pictures of foreign travel, and have seen him equally brilliant, equally solicitous to please when his auditor was the maid of all work, the village blacksmith, or the town ne'er-do-well.

Poor Steerforth said to David Copperfield: "Think of me at my best." George Eaton not only thought of men at their best, but they were at their best in his presence. He enlisted all that was good in them; his nobility ennobled them.

He sleeps on the hillside overlooking the beautiful valley of the Chenango, amid the scenes he loved. The group gathered around that table of long ago are scattered far and wide, and to children's children is told the story of a life spent in blessing others.

IV.

FURTHER PURSUIT OF EDUCATION.

When George was in the midst of his studies at Gambier, his father met with the financial loss already referred to, and soon after died (in 1825), thus cutting off the means of continuing his course. But his purpose was not weakened. He rather rose to the emergency. After a summer on the farm and otherwise recuperating his exchequer, he set out for Ohio University, at Athens, where tuition was gratuitous and other bills small, intent upon obtaining the best education possible to him. He was a brilliant student, especially fond of languages and mathematics. He was now just past his twenty-first birthday. The university was then in the first decade of its history. There he remained for about two years and became popular as a student and as an orator, a shining light in the literary society with which he was connected.

But the state of his finances did not warrant his remaining to finish the course. He must have food and clothing. His attention was directed to Virginia, where there was a demand for qualified teachers among the families of planters of large means and large families. Walking part of the way, he reached the fair fields of the Old Dominion, where he soon found what he sought and, for a year, engaged in

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teaching, to his own edification as well as to the full satisfaction of his patrons. There also he formed acquaintances and friendships which he could never forget, and, to the end, he cherished the memory of the large-hearted confidence and hospitality of the "F. F. Vs." He saw slavery in its varied aspects, and, while he was thoroughly convinced that it was a great moral wrong, of evil influence upon human hearts and lives—a political and a social evil, as well as a crime against humanity—yet he held in high esteem the better class of slave holders, and he could but sympathize with those who still retained their slaves while admitting all that he or the most rabid abolitionist could say against it. He hated slavery, but he loved many slave owners. In subsequent years he had always good words to say of those who sought to uphold slavery because of inheritance and surroundings, but he had little patience with him who, under other circumstances, especially for political and partisan reasons, argued for it as a divine institution which it was lawful and right to perpetuate. He knew that there were slave holders and slave holders, and what might be true of some patriarch was not true of a lower and less conscientious class.

After a year in Virginia, he again set out to finish his course of study. He had heard of Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., then under the presidency of the celebrated Dr. Eliphalet Nott, no man more famous, in his day, as an educator. On the way he tarried, for a time, at Princeton College, in New

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Jersey, where Dr. Archibald Alexander was a great light, shining far as a teacher of theology. Feeling himself drawn to the Christian ministry, Mr. Eaton seized the opportunity to receive instruction from the theological faculty, and he ever afterward cherished the memory of what he there received. His theological views were doubtless more or less affected by the teaching of that great school of Orthodoxy.

But he had decided to go to Union, and there, in the autumn of 1827, he matriculated, in the Junior year. He soon attracted the attention of the President and became a favorite with him, as had been, a few years before, Francis Wayland, another Baptist student of high promise. At the end of two years, Mr. Eaton was graduated with the highest honor, the valedictorian of his class (1829). He was immediately engaged as a tutor in the college, in which capacity he spent the succeeding year. He had thus proved his capacity and adaptation to the teacher's profession, and was easily persuaded to accept the principalship of an academy at Belleville, Jefferson County, N. Y.

V.

MARRIAGE AND NEW LIFE.

During the three years in Schenectady, Mr. Eaton formed the acquaintance of Miss Eliza Hanmer, daughter of Captain George Boardman, who, having accumulated some property as a sea-going man and captain of a merchantman (originally from Connecticut), had retired and was living quietly in the college town and in the vicinity of the college, where his daughters were brought into social relations with students. There were four daughters, of whom Eliza was the youngest. All had received a good education for the times, and were cultivating literature to such an extent that they were particularly attractive to ambitious and aspiring students. The oldest of the daughters was Clarissa, who married a Mr. Vedder and was widowed a few years after. She lived to an old age, greatly beloved as "Auntie Vedder" by a large circle of nephews and nieces.

The second daughter was Mary, who married Rev. Edward Payson Hotchkiss, a Presbyterian, who died suddenly, hardly two years after their marriage. She spent much time in the families of her sisters, became private tutor to their children and spent the last years of her life with a son, E. P. Hotchkiss, in Chicago, where she died at an advanced age. Frances, the third

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daughter, married J. S. Douglass, M.D., who became eminent as a homeopathist, and died in Milwaukee, as did the wife a few years later. (William Boardman, a brother, reared a large family in Albany.) Eliza, the youngest of the Boardman family, was especially fond of literature, and it was the delight of the college tutor to listen to her comments and criticisms on the literature of the day as well as that which had become classic. She was ambitious to keep up with the times and to continue a growth parallel with that of her future husband.

The father lived to the advanced age of ninety-five, and died in the home of his youngest daughter in Hamilton, which was his home for many years. He lies buried in the University cemetery, in the Eaton lot, on the hill.

Soon after the completion of his year in Union, Mr. Eaton and Miss Boardman were married by President Nott, September 15, 1830, and went directly to their new home in Belleville, where they spent their first year, forming acquaintances and friendships some of which were of long continuance. Among his pupils were members of the Barney family, in which Eliam E. Barney, LL.D., was conspicuous. He became a teacher, and was for a time principal of what was known as Cooper Academy, in Dayton, O., where he was greatly honored, and where he died possessed of large property accumulated in the building of railroad cars, head of the Barney & Smith Manufacturing Company. A sister of Mr. Barney was Mrs. Stevens,

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who, with her husband, was also a teacher in the Academy. Mrs. Stevens always cherished the memory of her old teacher in Belleville.

Before the year had closed, Principal Eaton had accepted an invitation to a professorship in Georgetown College, Kentucky, which has now come to be ranked among the foremost institutions of the South, then under the presidency of Joel S. Bacon, D.D., in his day ranking among the ablest men in the Baptist denomination. Mr. Eaton became Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages, in which he made himself proficient.

Early in the year 1832 President Bacon was invited to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, and accepted it, removing at once to Hamilton. This left the presidency of Georgetown vacant, and, for the remainder of the year, Professor Eaton was the acting President. Professor Bacon preferred another chair in the Hamilton Institution, and was soon after transferred to it, and it is easy to believe that it was at his suggestion that Professor Eaton was invited to take the place thus vacated. He entered upon the duties in the autumn of 1833.

VI.

THE NEW LIFE IN HAMILTON.

While in Georgetown the eldest son was born, and was named George Boardman. Arriving in Hamilton, they found a residence on what is now known as Hamilton Street, the house located just opposite the east end of the Baptist Church park. In this house, December 11, 1834, a second son, James Rodolphus, was born. During the next two years the house on what became known as Woodland Height was erected by the Education Society, a stone building, well constructed, and sufficiently spacious for the demands of those days. It was in a natural forest, and it became the delight of its occupant to deliver it from superfluous shade and open vistas through which it was brought into closer neighborhood with the homes of other professors — Bacon on the north, and Conant on the south — and with the village in the distance. In the course of a few years it became the most highly cultivated, attractive and admired of all the residences in the vicinity and in the country round about. The site is now that of Eaton Hall, the home of the Divinity School of the University.

In the fifties there was among the students a tradition that during the three years in which Professor Eaton taught Mathematics and Natural Philosophy



"WOODLAND HEIGHT."

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there was a notable enthusiasm among the students in his department, which manifested itself in the subjects chosen for literary efforts, orations and essays. Among his students in those years were such much-honored alumni as the following: E. W. Dickinson, D.D., James N. Granger, D.D., Prof. John F. Richardson, A.M., William H. Shailer, D.D., George C. Chandler, D.D., William Carey Crane, D.D., Lucien Hayden, D.D., A. P. Mason, D.D., J. O. Mason, D.D., John H. Raymond, D.D., Dexter P. Smith, D.D., Philetus B. Spear, D.D., George M. Spratt, D.D., Adams Cleg-horn, D.D., Joseph H. Eaton, D.D., LL.D. (his youngest brother), W. W. Evarts, D.D., Velona R. Hotchkiss, D.D., William M. Pratt, D.D., E. E. L. Taylor, D.D., George R. Bliss, D.D., Eleazer C. Eager (father of Prof. G. W. Eager, D.D., of the Seminary at Louisville, Ky.), Edmund Turney, D.D., and others less known but hardly less useful in the kingdom of God. To the knowledge of this writer, these men, with hardly an exception, bore testimony to the impulse and profit received under the inspiring instruction of the Professor of Mathematics.

In the year 1837 the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was transferred to the chair of Ecclesiastical and Civil History, the work in Civil History being in the collegiate, or literary department, while in the chair of Ecclesiastical History he had to do exclusively with post-graduate and advanced students. On this account the position was regarded as much more desirable than that which had to do with students

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in the lower college classes. To the duties of this professorship he gave himself with his accustomed assiduity. From the first it could be said of him, as it was said in his later years, he was "an omnivorous reader." He had a passion for books and literature, and he began immediately to give special attention to works bearing upon his department. He made himself familiar with the best authors on the subjects to be taught and became a master of religious history. He had a taste for rhetoric, quickened, perhaps, by his contact with President Nott, of Union College, who himself taught Kames' *Elements of Criticism* as the crowning work of a college course.

Professor Eaton was a student of literature. He had a fine ear for grammar and rhetoric. He not only mastered the subject coming under his notice, but he studied the style and the rhetoric of his author. He delighted in nicely-turned sentences and often declaimed to himself passages from favorite authors. His taste was molded after classic models and he anglicized Latin with a marvelous facility. When engaged in the production of a literary essay, oration or sermon, he was wont to pace his study floor and rehearse passages, turning sentences now this way and now that way, until he lighted upon a form that seemed to him best. Much of the conversation at the home table was on literary topics, the most recent publication, its author, the circumstances of the writing and the peculiar merits of the work, in all of

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which he had the active sympathy of her who had been his critic from prenuptial days.

In 1844 he was invited back to his alma mater, Union, to deliver a literary address. President Nott was still in his vigor, and the orator was made the recipient of the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity (D.D.), an honor at that time bestowed upon a far smaller proportion of Baptist ministers than it is to-day. The degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) was conferred by Union University in 1860.

In the same year (1844), with wife and eldest son, he made the journey, by private conveyance, from Hamilton to Buffalo, thence by steamer to Cleveland, and thence again by private conveyance to the home of his childhood, which he had very rarely visited from the time of his going to Virginia. In the old church at Berlin four brothers met, three of them ministers of the gospel, the other a deacon in the same church. It was a notable occasion. Isaac and George and Joseph preached in turn, while the eldest brother, James, the aged mother and all the old neighbors and friends, from far and near (as many as were still living), listened with delight and admiration, proud of the preëminence which had come to their community because of the production of three such preachers. Joseph was, at that time, a professor in Union University, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., which he had done much to found and build, of which he subsequently became President, in which office he died in 1859.

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It was the occasion of his visit to his alma mater, before referred to, and the invitation to deliver an oration in connection with the commencement, of which a great deal was made by President Nott, which led to the preparation and delivery of the oration entitled "The Duty and Rewards of Original Thinking," which was afterward rewritten and delivered before one of the literary societies, and was, by request, put into pamphlet form and distributed among subsequent generations of students. A second edition was published in 1855. It appears in this volume.

In 1845 the Professor of Ecclesiastical and Civil History was made also Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, the chair usually occupied by the President of such a school. But it was lawful to lay upon the willing whatever burden no one else seemed willing to bear. This chair also he filled until 1850, when he became Professor of Systematic Theology. Here, again, he had occasion to read widely and intensely along lines somewhat unfamiliar, but which he soon learned to follow and, at the same time, to open for himself avenues of independent thinking. No one author, or system, could control him. He discerned differences and knew why he did not conform to any one system.

At that time what is now Colgate was known as The Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, its curriculum embracing three years of college studies and two of theology. A previous application to the legislature for a college charter had been refused.

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But about this time the application was renewed and was finally granted in 1846, the name changed to Madison University, the location being in Madison County. The course of study was lengthened to embrace four years of college studies, equivalent to that of many of the best colleges in the land. The faculty was reorganized into a corps which gave stability and symmetry to the work done. Progress was made from year to year, and in it all Professor Eaton was regarded one of the most efficient and progressive of the whole. In both his chairs he was a master. In that of Ecclesiastical History he was thoroughly at home. He believed in Baptist principles, and believed that they were inherent in the polity outlined in the New Testament. But he was cautious in his adoption of unsustained statements. He believed that many Baptist principles had been held by sporadic companies of Christians in all the ages. He saw in the Petrobrussians, the Waldenses, the Mennonites, the Anabaptists and some other European sects intimations of a succession of adherents of the true faith as set forth in the Gospels, the Acts and the epistles of Paul and Peter. But he did not adopt the theory that a succession of churches, each deriving its life from some other, had come down from the apostles to the present day. He distinguished carefully between what is sometimes called "Baptist succession" and Church succession. He believed in the former, but was not ready to adopt the latter, except as it pertains to the Church of Rome and some of her various daughters

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among Protestant sects. He held that Baptists are, or should be, thorough reformers, that they have a mission to the world and that they should not hesitate to put into practice whatever is clearly deduced from the word of God and made applicable to present conditions. As in other chairs, his pupils became enthusiastic in the study of Church History.

VII.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY HAMILTON DAYS.

BY LIZZIE EATON LASHER.

In the early days Woodland Height was the Paradise of children. They overflowed the house; they perched, like Dryads, in the trees; they knew all the nooks where the wild flowers grew; they coasted down the steep hill, and, undeterred by the cold, they fashioned the snow fort, and tunneled through the drifts to make houses "like the Eskimos." The Douglas cousins came from the village below to share in the Eaton sports, and the Boardman cousins, from Albany, exchanged, at times, city life for country. The Conant children, on the south, and the Spear children, on the north, added to the rollicking joys of a happy childhood, and over all beamed the genial smile of the father, who often, with a little one mounted on his shoulder, with chubby arms clasping his neck, joined in the glee, and, in spirit, became a child among the children. Chary of rebuke, generous in praise, his approval was sufficient stimulus to diligence in study and industry in household tasks.

Father was a demonstrative man. The love of his heart overflowed in words and caresses and met with warm return. Of the affection in which he was held

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by the students the following incident testifies. In those days, in the rigid winters, the only available fuel was wood, procured from the farmers of the adjacent country. The wood had been ordered in what was supposed to be ample time, when one of those fierce storms, incident to that region, swept down upon the country. The roads were piled high with drifts, making them impassable. The family was in danger of being without fire, and the boys were sent to the "Institution" for armfuls of wood. The word went round, "The professor's out of wood," and shortly a strange cavalcade turned in at the north gate — a cart, piled high with wood, was being drawn through the drifts by ropes held by lines of sturdy students, and "freezing to death" was averted. Great was the appreciation of the household and great was the jollity as later the company partook of hot biscuits and honey.

Among the reminiscences particularly vivid is the singing of the grand old hymns. A hymn was always a part of the daily worship, and on the Sabbath, after the two church services and the late dinner, father, mother and the children, and whoever belonged to the household, and perchance the stranger within the gates, gathered in the "study," and sang hymn after hymn, until the twilight deepened and the light of day faded from the landscape, when each was commended to God in prayer, to separate for the night, not realizing how much of blessing had descended upon the children and what comfort and support would be theirs in years to come from their knowledge of hymns learned in

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childhood. Father loved especially hymns that told of heaven, and it seemed to us that we could see its glories when we sang:

There is a Holy City
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions
Built by the God of love.

Father loved to sing to himself. Dr. Corey relates of him that, seeing him some distance beyond him in a crowded city street, he hastened to join and greet him, but, as he drew near, he heard him singing softly to himself a song of heaven, and did not make himself known lest he disturb the heavenly vision. Not only "around" his "infancy" did heaven lie, but always it shone through the thin veil between him and the "land of pure delight." Yet he loved this beautiful world, and gave thanks to Him who "giveth all things liberally and upbraideth not"—the God who meant him to enjoy the life that now is as well as that which is to come.

He had the saving sense of humor to help him over many a hard place. How he enjoyed "The Pickwick Papers," and the "Essays of Elia," and Hood's "Quips and Cranks," which he read aloud as they were published in the British magazines. Those were halcyon days, before the "Removal Specter" rose to disturb the harmony. The "old faculty" was a rare company of men, when culture was not as widely distributed as now. Scholarship like Dr. Thomas J. Conant's is still rare. No more delightful company could be found

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than that of the versatile Raymonds — Prof. John H. and Robert R., his brother — and Prof. A. C. Kendrick, the genial “Kai gar,” who could repeat poetry by the volume.

The Literary Society, “U. C. D.” (Utile Cum Dulce), was early formed, in which the grave and reverend seigniors gave themselves up to merriment and literary enjoyment. The wives were not a whit behind the husbands in the appreciation of good literature. Mrs. Conant was the author of several books, a fine linguist. As a translator she excelled. During the family’s residence in Hamilton she was the editor of “The Mother’s Journal.” Mrs. Jeremiah Chaplin, widow of the President of Waterville College, was a member of the Conant family, as also much of the time were her two daughters, Mary and Prudentia, making a household, with the nine children, a remarkable family for ability and brains. Mrs. Douglas, the sister of Mrs. Eaton, was the poetess of the U. C. D. Beside the faculty members, there were choice spirits from the town who belonged to the U. C. D. Delightful picnics were held at Woodman’s Pond, and in the woods beyond “the cataract.” “Hamilton unction” was early displayed in the interest of Foreign Missions, the first graduates of the Institution devoting themselves to the foreign field. Father was accustomed to show to visitors the little dell on the grounds of Woodland Height to which a path had been made from the Institution by the sainted Thomas, who made the secluded nook his “bower of prayer.” Many returning missionaries were welcomed

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to Woodland Height. Thither came Adoniram Judson, Wade and Kincaid and others, with their retinue of Chinese, Burmese and Karens.

In 1843 the notable missionary meeting was held in the natural amphitheater, which lay in a southerly direction from Woodland Height, between it and the woodsy home of Dr. Conant. The circling hillside was provided with tiers of seats made of planks fastened to the earth with stakes. At the base of the amphitheater was a grassy space sufficiently large for an ample platform for the speakers. Now the whole hillside is so overgrown with underbrush that it hardly seems possible so large an audience could have found room to be thrilled with the eloquence of the speakers and to join in echoing hymns which told "The morning light is breaking" and bade "Waft, waft, ye winds, the story."

Among the guests, before and subsequent to removal days, was the beloved Deacon Colgate, who came to consult with father concerning the welfare of the Institution so dear to him. It was his custom to rise early and seat himself on the bench under the beech trees, at the head of the "lilac walk," and there my sister Mary and I would find him, seemingly as glad to talk with us as we were with him.

A new element entered the household when Grandfather Boardman brought a flavor of the sea with his "yarns" and nautical phrases. For many years he remained at Woodland Height, dying there in his ninety-sixth year. Captain Boardman voyaged between

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New England ports and the West Indies. He was imprisoned five times by the French, in Napoleon's time, and when the matter of the indemnity between France and the United States was settled, he looked forward to reimbursement for his sufferings and financial losses, through the distribution of the "spoliation claims," but died without the sight.

Shortly before the Rochester exodus those days of "the forties" saw the brief existence of the College Church. The congregation consisted of the faculty and their families, Deacon Seneca Burchard and a few others from the church in the valley, and the students. The faculty families sat in "the pit," the students in the gallery, and listened to discourses from the professors in turn.

Father early identified himself with the town interests, making them his own, and was repaid by the love and trust of the citizens. In after years, in appreciation of his loyalty to Hamilton, the deed of Woodland Height was given to my mother, and a beautiful silver service to father, which is a cherished possession in the home of Commodore Eaton.

Household reminiscences of "the fifties" and later years might be of interest, but the family circle narrowed with the graduation of the sons and daughters. Marriage sent the elder daughters to homes of their own, and she who lingered longer at Woodland Height, in the same sweet companionship of the father, and who might have written the record of those years, has passed over the river to join him.



AN OUTLOOK.

VIII.

AGITATION FOR REMOVAL.

Hardly had "the school of the prophets" received its charter when agitation began for its removal to some other location. It was held that Hamilton was unfavorable to growth and efficiency, being far from a railroad (nearly thirty miles from Utica), with almost no endowment, and with facilities inadequate to the work to be prosecuted. Many friends of the university seemed to be withholding their bounties, because of a desire to see it established in some other place. Just then some good people in Rochester began to agitate the idea of a college in their beautiful and growing city, projected on the plan of Union College, in which several denominations were supposed to be represented. Rev. Dr. Dewey, pastor of the highly-prosperous and influential First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, became interested in the project and, hearing that there was some talk of removing the Hamilton School, he consulted with Dr. Pharcellus Church, then pastor of the First Baptist Church, and an alumnus of Madison, suggesting that the Baptists accept the companionship of the Presbyterians and locate their school in Rochester, making it the nucleus of what should become a great and

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glorious institution, filling a place in the western part of the State corresponding with that of Union in the eastern part.

The idea was caught up by Dr. Church, and over it he soon became somewhat enthusiastic. He communicated with several of the friends of Madison and received favorable responses. Attention was called to Utica and other points, but soon all others were disposed of as unfavorable and all eyes turned exclusively toward the Flour City.

The years 1847-50 were years of stress and strain in Madison University. Most of its professors and very many of its friends were earnest in favor of removal. They could give many good reasons why the Rochester proposition should be accepted and the removal accomplished. *The New York Baptist Register*, then published at Utica, with Alexander M. Beebee, Esq., editor, and Bennett and Bright publishers, was opened to the discussion and its columns burned with the hot articles which appeared in it. Now and then something appeared in other papers, largely favoring "the removal enterprise." Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, one of the first teachers and founders of the school, had been opposed to the movement for a college charter, believing that the cause of truth and the education of a ministry for the Baptist denomination could be promoted more efficiently under the old regime than under the proposed new one. And now he was no less opposed to removal and association with others than Baptists. He felt

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that such association would be detrimental to the interests of the denomination and to the cause of Christ. But Dr. Kendrick was on his deathbed and could do little more than counsel with those who came to him. Dr. Eaton had looked up to Dr. Kendrick as to a father. They had always seen eye to eye and were in hearty sympathy in their views of the removal project. Both were warmly attached to Hamilton as an educational center, and neither could look upon removal as other than detrimental to interests which had become very dear to them. Professor P. B. Spear, principal of the Grammar School, was also in sympathy with the views of Eaton and Kendrick. In 1848 Dr. Kendrick died, and from that time on Dr. Eaton and Professor Spear were well-nigh alone of the faculty in their loyalty to the traditions and the location of the university.

IX.

THE REMOVAL CONTROVERSY.

It is not needful, nor here expedient, to go into a full discussion of what came to be remembered for many years as "The Removal Controversy." There were good men in those days, and, being Baptists and claiming a right each to his own opinion, it was natural that they should be found on opposing sides, and that they sometimes got warm in the argument of their convictions and opinions relative to the propriety and right to remove the university to some other site. It would be easy to name the men who were most active in bringing about the final separation. But conspicuous above all others in opposition to removal was Dr. Eaton. He talked; he delivered addresses; he wrote.

He loved Hamilton and its traditions. He loved the names of the founders, nearly all of whom he had known personally. He was the oldest, in point of service, in the faculty. But, above all, he was loyal to the principles and practices of the Baptist denomination, and he could not think that any union of Baptists with others in the conduct of a school having as its first object the education of young men for the Christian ministry could be otherwise than detrimental to the object in view. True, the original idea, as

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conceived by Drs. Dewey and Church, had been modified. Indeed, so far as Baptists were concerned, it was ignored. But Dr. Eaton had a correspondence with Dr. Dewey in which the latter frankly stated his view, and so confirmed Dr. Eaton in his opinion. Finally, the union idea was dropped, and those who went were untrammelled.

The property of the university was vested in The Baptist Education Society of the State of New York, and, without a favorable vote of that society, the removal could not take place. For three years the question was prominent in the meetings of the society, and, in 1850, by a peculiar and tactful movement, the resolution to remove was carried by a very small vote. The writer can never forget Dr. Eaton's version of the affair. He was not in the meeting when the vote was taken.

Meantime, Professor Hascall, who had been absent from Hamilton for twelve years, had returned and was living in the village. He was deeply interested in the question at issue, and was among those who most earnestly opposed the removal. With them were some of the most prominent and most generous supporters of the school, such as Deacon William Colgate, of New York; Friend Humphrey, of Albany; Garrett N. Bleeker, of New York, and others in various parts of the State. Deacon Colgate had always been opposed to endowment. He argued that, if the school was needed and had a mission, it would so rest upon the hearts of God's people that they would take care

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of it. If it was endowed, so that it could regard itself as independent, there was danger that it might swerve from the purpose of its founders and go as some other schools were known to have gone. He was always willing, and so declared himself, to help generously to make up deficiencies, at the end of a year, but he would not have the school independent of the annual contributions of the churches. To this view he held tenaciously, until after the matter of removal was settled, when he was the first to contribute so much as five thousand dollars toward the endowment for which an effort was immediately made.

The presence and sympathy of Professor Hascall, together with a few others of the early contributors to the founding of the school, enabled the opponents of removal to procure an injunction and so prevent the immediate accomplishment of the purpose declared, to remove the whole institution bodily (excepting, of course, the real estate, which might be sold for what it would bring after all else was gone). There was a considerable debt, at the annual meeting, and it was carefully estimated that, when the school opened in the following October, it was worth "ten thousand dollars less than nothing." Such was the language of Dr. Eaton.

A suit was brought enjoining the Education Society from removing the property—the library, and the furnishings, etc. It was hastened as rapidly as possible, under the guidance of some good lawyers, among whom were prominent the late James W. Nye,

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afterward United States Senator from Nevada, and Judge Charles Mason, who did great service, being themselves deeply interested in the retention of the institution in Hamilton, of which they were residents.

In a few months a decision of the court was obtained, making the injunction perpetual, and so separating between the Baptist Education Society of the State of New York and the New York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education, which was immediately formed in the interests of the Rochester schools. A majority of the faculty and a large majority of the students had gone to Rochester, but "a respectable minority" remained. At the celebration of the semi-centennial, or "Jubilee," in 1869, Dr. Eaton delivered the historical address, a large part of which was published in the Jubilee volume, and in it he discussed various phases of the question with great fairness, but in vindication of the position taken by himself and his associates in the great "controversy."

X.

THE RENAISSANCE.

Though the departure of the "old faculty" and so many of the students seemed to portend utter prostration, it was found, when the new year opened in October, 1850, that every class had members, from the Senior in Theology to the Junior in the Preparatory Department. Thus it was made needful to provide teachers and make provision for instruction far beyond the apparent ability of those in charge. But the friends of "the Hamilton location" rallied and were found to be more numerous and influential than had been feared. The classes filled up; the rooms were occupied; a spirit of hopefulness was abroad. Dr. Eaton was the inspiring personality of the whole. The management was left largely to the faculty, as a whole, but new assignments had to be made, and new men had to be called. Rev. Alexander M. Beebee, Jr., was called from a pastorate to become Professor of Logic and English Literature; Ezra S. Gallup to the chair of the Greek Language and Literature; Professor P. B. Spear was made Professor of the Hebrew and Latin Languages; Rev. Edmund Turney was made Professor of Biblical Criticism and Christian Evidences, and Professor Eaton was made Professor of Systematic Theology. Samuel W. Taylor,

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LL.D., who had been for a time Principal of the Grammar School, but was at this time President of Bucknell University, at Lewisburg, Pa., was called to the presidency, which he accepted, and he was soon on the ground. So the school was again in running order and was gaining favor with the people, near and far.

It was said, again and again, and no doubt truly, "Dr. Eaton saved the University." He had no ambition for the presidency, but was more than willing to support the man who was called to the position, largely through his instrumentality.

Some time was required to restore confidence and induce pastors and churches to influence young men contemplating the ministry to resort to "Old Hamilton" for the needed training. President Taylor found, on his arrival, that those on the ground had been efficient and successful in their efforts to "pull things together." The clouds hung "dark and chill," but there were occasional rifts, and soon the sunshine became somewhat steady and reliable. All set to work to increase the resources and facilities of the school and, of them all, no one carried quite so much weight as did Dr. Eaton. As he stood physically, so he seemed to stand morally—in point of character among his brethren—the most conspicuous figure in the faculty, the community, and among the friends of the institution generally.

No two men, associated as they were, could be more unlike than Eaton and Taylor; yet no two could

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be more loyal to each other. They seemed to be complements of each other. President Taylor was preëminently a teacher and administrator, rarely going outside of Hamilton for other service. Dr. Eaton, on the other hand, was in constant demand for sermons and addresses, far and near, especially for sermons on occasion of an ordination, or a dedication, or a cornerstone. He had already, in 1846, preached the annual sermon before the American Baptist Missionary Union, at a meeting in Brooklyn, and, having embraced the ideas and purposes of the American Bible Union, he became more intimately associated with Cone, Armitage, Colgate, Wyckoff, Hillman and others whose hearts were in the work contemplated by that society. This gave him occasion for addresses and papers bearing upon the subject of Bible revision, all of which tended to call out the best that was in him, drawing upon his mental and scholarly resources and testing his ability to use the material accumulated through years of study and thought. His addresses before the Bible Union are found in the Documentary History of the Union, and are among the ablest and most pertinent of all.



A HOME SCENE IN VACATION.

XI.

THE PRESIDENCY.

On the death of President Taylor, in 1856, Dr. Eaton became chairman of the faculty, until the following commencement and the annual meeting of the Board, when he was made President of the university, presiding, for the first time in that capacity, in 1857, when the writer of this was a member of the graduating class of twenty-three. The popular conception of a college president at that time was that he should be "a man of authority," a disciplinarian, giving evidence of ability to rule, it might be with an iron rod. So different was President Eaton from President Taylor that many were doubtful as to his adaptation to the position. President Taylor was kind at heart; President Eaton was kind in manner. President Taylor made an undergraduate stand in awe of him; President Eaton made him feel exceedingly comfortable in his presence.

With his work in the seminary, as Professor of Theology, the President combined the duties of administration, and also the professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, both of which chairs he filled with great credit to himself and to the satisfaction, if not admiration, of almost every student. Only one class ever gave him any trouble, and that was probably

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led by a man whose experience had been outside of college walls, and who subsequently became wrecked, his name rarely mentioned among those who knew him in the seminary. Here, again, large demands were made upon the President for services outside of the schools and in the denomination at large. He rarely wrote a sermon, or an address, and, consequently, few of either can be cited here. He wrote a vast number of skeletons, but rarely elaborated them on paper. After his death a great number of scraps showed what had been the spring of sermon, or address, but hardly more than introductory notes were there.

Tall as he was, very few reading desks brought his manuscript close enough for him to read it readily, consequently he appeared to the best advantage when he neglected written notes and relied upon unwritten preparation and the inspiration of a great occasion. When in sympathy with his subject and assured of the sympathy of his audience, he often became simply grand and overwhelming, in thought and expression. Few men have greater facility in the use of classic phrase or glowing rhetoric. His besetting sin was in the length of his addresses. He usually got so full of his subject that he did not know when to stop pouring out of the riches of his exuberant plentitude.

At the very beginning of his administration, President Eaton was beset by a difficulty which never, before or since, has given trouble to a President of Colgate. It was the struggle with the question of secret fraternities.

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SECRET FRATERNITIES.

From the outset the Hamilton institution had not only discouraged but actually forbidden the existence of such fraternities among its students. There was a floating tradition that, for a short time, in ante-removal days, there had been a chapter of some sort of a fraternity, or that students had gone away to other colleges and remained long enough to be initiated in such a society and returned again. For a long time little or nothing had been said on the subject, and it was generally assumed that it would not be wholesome for any coterie of students to introduce a Greek letter fraternity to Madison University. It was well known, however, that the President was a member of such a fraternity which had its headquarters at Union, that he prized his connection with it, and that one or more of his sons had been initiated into a chapter of the same in Hamilton College, or some other. It was also said and believed that one or more of the professors were members of such fraternities in other colleges from which they had come. However, there was the law, so long in desuetude that it was thought to be a dead letter, and it was thought that, if properly launched and conducted by the right sort of men, there would probably be little said about it, and such a fraternity could live in Madison University.

In the summer of '55 the desire for such an organization began to bubble in the hearts of one and another of the students in the higher classes. Very carefully the needful steps were taken; a nucleus was

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formed and a charter was obtained. In 1856 it had come to include in its membership a considerable number of the best men in the college, with one or more members of the seminary as graduate members. By the end of the year the membership had grown to thirty or forty. So far, only members were aware of its existence. But it was "too good to keep." One or two of the "frats" were so exultant that they began to whisper, and then to almost talk out loud, and then to sing, and then to write, and soon it became noised abroad. Students of that day remember the question: "Is there a Bourbon among us?" The strife was on. Those not embraced in the membership of the fraternity were naturally alarmed as to the influence of such an organization on college politics, and they set themselves in fierce antagonism against it. They went to the President and to the other members of the faculty with their suspicions and complaints. Then members of the Board of Trustees were appealed to. Was this monster to live in Madison? Was the law on the subject to be enforced? Was the President going to ignore the existence of the fraternity? Injudicious things were said, and other injudicious things were done. The pot boiled.

Finally the President felt compelled to take it in hand. Some members of the faculty were making it uncomfortable for him, as were also some members of the Board of Trustees. He had to act, and he did act, very judiciously. He called the members of the fraternity together. They were all there. After a

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few preliminary remarks of a kindly nature, complimenting them and expressing his regard for them personally, he said :

Young gentlemen, you are aware that, according to the laws of the University, a secret fraternity can not be tolerated here. We are sorry for the occasion to enforce this rule. We have the greatest confidence in you who are here present, members of the fraternity. We should be very sorry to part with any of you. Now, we do not ask you to withdraw from or abolish the fraternity. What we ask is that you *do not initiate any more members*, so that the fraternity may die when you leave your alma mater. Be it understood that we have no lack of confidence in you; but we do not know what your posterity may be. Were we persuaded that those who might come after you would be as good men as we think you to be, we might not be so strenuous about this thing. When I became President of the University, it was with the understanding that I would enforce the laws enacted by the Board of Trustees; and I must either do that or resign my office. What I ask of you, then, is that you give me assurance that you will initiate no more members, and that you will allow the Faculty to know the places and times of your meetings.

That alternative, "I must either enforce the laws, or resign my office," took hold of many hearts. If it came to that, "the boys" would make any sacrifice, rather than see the President put to such a strait. About one-half of the members agreed to the terms proposed. The others asked for "time to consider the question." Then they were dismissed. Those who did not sign the agreement at once sought means to continue the fraternity, though by a ruse which they themselves afterward recognized as treachery, and

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finally repudiated. The fraternity lived, though ostensibly dead. Afterward, under a subsequent presidency, it became sufficiently evident and was followed by others, until most of the students were enrolled in some one of the several fraternities which now are recognized as controlling influences in the life of the university. No other President has had to meet a condition which came so near wrecking the university. Only tact and kindness, and the respect in which he was held by the students, enabled President Eaton to prevent a stampede of students which would have depleted the classes and would have been almost fatal, taking at least decades to overcome.

Another incident, occurring during the early years of President Eaton's administration, ought not to go unnoticed. For many years it had been customary to assign new students in college classes to one or the other of two literary societies — Adelpgian and Æonian. The names were entered in two lists, under the direction of a committee composed of two members of the faculty and one from each of the societies. Men of supposedly equivalent ability were set over against each other, and when all had been listed lots were drawn by the student members of the committee to determine into which society a list should be entered. It was always a week of deep interest and even anxiety on the part of the students, until the result was known. The plan worked well, and the societies were among the most effective educational agencies in the university. But the ingress of the

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secret fraternity soon began to affect the life of the open societies. Even so early as the winter of 1857, in the election of officers in one of the societies, there were two tickets in the field, one backed by the fraternity, the other by the opposition. Each party had taken account of itself, and was supposed to know how many votes it could command. When the election came on there was much maneuvering, and finally the fraternity party seemed to have a majority of the votes cast.

But the minority was not satisfied. They rallied and counted each other and found a majority of all the members willing to testify that they had cast their votes for the defeated candidates. An issue was joined. The President, and finally the faculty, was appealed to, and the proof became so overwhelming that a committee of the faculty visited the society at its regular meeting and announced the decision, which was that the offices must be vacated and a new election held. The result was the election of the candidates previously defeated.

Such was another of the difficulties encountered by the President in the first year of his administration. It would have been possible to create a defection to run through generations of students. But the kindness and tact of the President overcame all, and he held the confidence of the entire student body. From that time on, till the outbreak of the war for the Union, everything moved on harmoniously and satisfactorily, with only one or two exceptions. But the

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call to arms was heard by a large number of students. Several of the classes were depleted. Local companies and drills were organized. Students enlisted, or were made officers of companies. Attention was turned from study to the battlefields. The bodies of dead students were brought home for burial. It was a time of great trial and anxiety. Young men, throughout the country, were going to the battlefields rather than to the quiet shades of a college for ministerial students. It was a good time to criticise the administration, and some availed themselves of the opportunity. But the President held the confidence of the vast majority and of the Board of Trustees, as well as of the friends of the university at large.

XII.

A YEAR IN EUROPE.

In 1863 President Eaton was granted leave of absence for a year, that he might spend it in foreign travel. To a man of his sensitive and trusting nature anything hinting lack of confidence or inefficiency was heart-breaking, and it was evident that his health was suffering. His friends saw it and urged his departure for rest and recuperation. There was no one to say nay. But the question of funds could not be ignored. The Board did all it thought practicable, and the lack was to be made up by friends. The President had friends, and one in particular was Mr. James B. Colgate, who had stood by him and the university from the death of his father. But Mr. Colgate did not tell Dr. Eaton all that was in his heart. He intended better than the President knew. He gave him a larger bank account in London than the traveler was aware of. He was to be kept in ignorance of the amount, being allowed to simply draw upon the London bank as his needs arose. His drafts were always honored; but in the simplicity of his heart he thought that it was the London banker who was furnishing the money, and died without knowing who was his benefactor. He thought Mr. Colgate was unsympathetic, and contrasted him with Mr. Haggard, of London.

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when it was always Mr. Colgate who was doing him a service of which he would have been most generous in his acknowledgement had he only known whence the benefaction came. Only several years after his death did the facts get to the knowledge of his family, and some members of the family desire herewith to acknowledge to the sons of Mr. Colgate their appreciation of what their father did so kindly and yet so secretly that the acknowledgement could not be made by the living recipient.

Nearly the whole year, '63-4, was spent in Europe. He wanted to go to Egypt and Palestine, but was obliged to forego the journey. His letters, while abroad, and his lectures on his return, told how greatly he enjoyed the trip, and what profit he had got out of it. But the seat of the trouble was not reached. There had been improvement, but not a cure. For four more years he carried the burden of administration and daily class work. The number of students increased and the financial condition improved. In 1859-61 Alumni Hall was built, and was regarded as a great achievement. The semi-centennial — the Jubilee — drew on. It was made the occasion for an appeal to the friends of the school for a largely-increased endowment. Dr. Spear became prominent in the work of enlargement, and pushed it to the utmost, always relying upon the President to help him over the "hard places," which were not infrequently in the way. The Jubilee volume tells some of the results

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of the labor put forth, as it tells of the triumphant celebration of the Jubilee.

Dr. Eaton prepared and delivered the historical discourse, a considerable part of which was published in the volume referred to; but the original manuscript, at hand when this is written, gives evidence that a large part of it was omitted in the publication, because of lack of space. It was, like all of Dr. Eaton's productions, framed upon a large plan, and had about it a poise and a swing which characterized everything which he produced.

XIII.

PRESIDENT OF THE SEMINARY.

With the year of Jubilee, Dr. Eaton retired from the presidency of the university, and was immediately elected President of the seminary, combining with it the professorship of Homiletics and Practical Theology. The arrangement met his wishes, though he would have returned, gladly, to his former chair of Systematic Theology, which he enjoyed above any other. He loved to get close to the thought of God as expressed in the Bible, which he held to be "verbally inspired," and which he held in reverence as few men hold it. His deductions from the sacred pages were of the Calvinistic type. He could accept the "hard sayings" of Jesus, or of Paul, and he could lay these beside the sentences which tell of the love of God and of his long-suffering in the case of the sinner, feeling that there is, in reality, no discrepancy or disagreement between them; both the love and the severity of God being inherent in the divine nature. He believed in the deity of Jesus Christ, and in his humanity as well. He believed in the vicariousness of the atonement made by the Lord Jesus, and saw that though the atoning death was ample for all the human race, because of the infinite worth of the sacrificial offer-



G. W. EATON, D.D., LL.D. (1868).

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ing, yet it is efficacious only for those who accept Jesus as Savior and Lord.

He believed in regeneration, the death of the "old man," and the birth to eternal life of the "new man," who is "created unto righteousness and true holiness," He believed that regeneration is wrought by the power of the Holy Spirit, and that the soul which is born of God is written in heaven, in the Book of Life, from which no name, once written there, is ever erased. He believed that the Baptists of the seventeenth century were chosen of God to be the expositors of divine truth, and to illustrate its power over the human soul; and that those of to-day do well to follow closely in the footsteps of those gone before. He believed that those who say that they are "in Christ" "ought also themselves so to walk even as he walked." He loved the songs of Zion, a large number of which were always present with him. In his family worship, the "old songs" were repeated many times, and, on Sabbath evenings, it was his custom to gather his family together and spend the twilight hour singing a large number of his favorite hymns and then to commend all to the Heavenly Father in prayer. It was "a blessed hour of prayer and praise," cherished in the memory of those who participated in it. His children could never forget those hours, and the impression made was never effaced.

As has been said, his position at the head of a favorite denominational school brought him before the public, and his power as a public speaker made it a

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cause of congratulation when he could be secured for an address or a sermon. His students were always delighted when they could obtain him as preacher on occasions of ordinations or church dedications. In a letter to a daughter, February 17, 1860, he wrote that he had preached at the ordination of seven members of the last graduating class (1859). One of those sermons is found in this volume, the subject, "What Is Preaching?" It is one of the very few sermons written and delivered from manuscript. It was published by the church on the motion of Rev. James J. Woolsey, once editor of the *Christian Review*. Another sermon (and the only other which survives) is also in this volume, preached and published later, on "The Malady and the Remedy." Both are of great value, as discussions of questions which never cease of interest, setting forth views which are fully justified by the word of God. The address entitled "The Conditions of Success in Literary Efforts" was delivered in 1855, before the students of Union University, in Murfreesboro, Tenn., of which his younger brother, Joseph H. Eaton, D.D., LL.D., was the President. It was published at the request and at the expense of the students.

XIV.

SLIPPING AWAY.

The years '69-'71 witnessed a constant decline of physical vigor. The ailment which threatened, before his going abroad, seemed to have been allayed, if not extirpated; but his vitality was not increased. In the winter of '71-'72 it became evident that there could be hoped for only a prolongation of life; the decline continuous, the consummation sure. As the summer came on the symptoms became more aggravated. Gangrene developed, and bodily strength failed, until June, when he was obliged to keep his bed. He had hoped to keep up until after commencement, when he might meet many of his old students and warmly-attached friends. But when the time came they had to visit him, as many as could be admitted, in his sick room. He was tenderly watched, often by students, at length by one especially employed for that purpose—a colored brother of whom he said: "He is the whitest man I ever saw."

On his bed his mind went back over the years of his strength and he enjoyed the presence of his Savior in a marked degree. He had no misgivings. He knew whom he believed and, as firmly as Paul, was persuaded that He was able to keep what had been committed to him against that day. Having been a close

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observer of the signs of the times, and having read widely, he thought he saw indications of a swerving from the "old paths," a disposition to put human agencies in the place of divine activity, and to question great truths which he held dear and vital. He thought he saw a neglect of Christ, rather than his exaltation, in the preaching and the teaching of the day. He really foresaw the slide which has now taken place in many pulpits and among those reputed to be "scholars." To the present writer he expressed himself freely, emphasizing what was, above all, dear to himself. He was especially insistent that he whom he addressed should not fail to stand for the precious and the deep things of God. To his students he sent the message: "Tell them not to hold a divided consecration."

He was visited by many of his old students, whom he greeted most affectionately and charged them to stand for the truths which he had taught them, in so far as they were found to be proper interpretations of God's word. He was careful never to put his dictum above, or even alongside of, the word of God. He taught what he had been taught, believing that he was himself taught of God.

Another month of steady decline. His family was around him—at times all his six children. He loved all with a love inexpressible. He looked into their faces with a father's tenderness and confidence. He spoke words of tenderness and assurance. His little grandchildren did not escape his notice. He bestowed his blessing upon them. His mind was clear and he

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was calm. He had no anxiety, except for his youngest son, who had just been appointed a cadet at Annapolis, but lacked the funds needful for his matriculation. When he was assured that these would be provided when needed, he seemed to have survived every care. In perfect peace he awaited the end, which came quietly on the third day of August, 1872.

Extract from a Diary, July, 1872.

We are all here—George, James with his bride, and Brother Will, Fannie with her children, Mollie and I—for the first time in sixteen years we are all at home; but we go about with hushed footsteps, for there is a shadow over all—the loved father lieth sick and the doctors give no hope. But we can not believe that he is going from us. Oh, the saintly patience of the sufferer!—willing to go, but wishing to live to work for God. We do not talk much to father about his going. It brings the tears too quickly. When Sister Mollie gives him her morning offering of a fragrant rose, he whispers of “the Rose above the mold.” Dear father sank slowly—too weak from exhaustion to say much to us. His nights were particularly wearisome. As we left him he would say: “Pray that I may have a good night.” As Fannie and I stood by his bed he looked up, with his sweet smile, and said: “Kiss me, my daughters.” Oh, those sweet kisses, those dear caresses of the days gone by!

August.—The time came when we gathered round to see our father die. So peacefully he fell asleep, we hardly knew when the breath ceased, and the spirit was with God.

How often in the past have we thought of the possibility of his being taken from us, and felt we could not bear it, and yet there is such a sweetness in the thought of his perfect blessedness, such a sense of God’s goodness in giving him to

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us for these years, that our grief has no element of bitterness or hardness.

August 6.—There was much in the funeral service to suggest comfort. It was a rarely beautiful day. The hills never seemed more lovely than when we wound our way to the spot where we were to lay his worn body. How appropriate the chant sung by those who mourned with us:

“No night beyond the tomb
For him whose death was gain,
No troubled dreams can ever come,
No care, no grief, no pain.

“Clothed in his robe of white,
Washed in the Lamb’s dear blood,
Upon a throne of dazzling light,
There shall he see his God.

“Where the green pastures be,
Where living waters roll,
A song of praise eternally
Shall fill his gladdened soul.

“Why should we mourn that he
Hath gone to his reward?
Oh, may, like his, our portion be—
Forever with the Lord.”

In the Report of the Board of the Baptist Education Society of the State of New York for the succeeding year (1873) the following appeared, written by the same hand which now copies it:

As the Alumni of Hamilton Theological Seminary and the friends of ministerial education gather in these returning festivities and wander amid these classic shades to-day, they miss a form which had been, for nearly forty years, identified with every interest and nearly every department of instruction here.

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They miss the eye which beamed with affectionate regard upon every returning alumnus, a hand-grasp which ever spoke truly of the noble heart whose pulsations it announced.

[Then followed a brief sketch of the life referred to.]

During the Removal Agitation, which engrossed so much attention from 1847 to 1850, he became conspicuous as the firm and unflinching friend of the Hamilton location, and his speeches and written addresses, delivered during those troublous times, for cogency of reasoning, grasp of thought, elegance of diction and moving eloquence, were among the most powerful ever delivered to the Baptists of this State or country. Again and again it has been said, and most deeply has it been felt by the men who still survive and remember those days, that "Doctor Eaton saved the University," and it is more than probable that, had he faltered, or had his strength failed, there would be now nothing better than a ruin to mark the site of Madison University. During those days and years he traveled by day and by night to all portions of the State, and, by private interviews, by public addresses, and by means of the press, he so presented the advantages and claims of Hamilton that its friends rallied, and, when it seemed to many that all was gone, there arose, like the phoenix, this goodly, blessed and heaven-honored institution around which we gather to-day.

And it should not be forgotten by us here that it was not for Hamilton simply that he stood forth — not for the *location* simply — but for this location *because* there was embodied in the idea of the location the more important idea of a strictly and purely denominational school, which should stand as the exponent of Baptist principles — where these could be taught with a distinctness and boldness forbidden, as it seemed to him, by any alliance with another denomination of Christians. It was because he learned from correspondence with leading men of that other denomination that their connection with the enterprise was conditioned upon the abandonment of the

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denominational idea, so far as Baptists were concerned, and its becoming essentially a union university—it was for this reason, peculiarly, that he stood “like Druid rock” against the project of removal.

How hard it was for him to separate from excellent brethren none could fail to perceive. His heart clung to them. He loved them to the last. But when their conduct seemed to him to tend toward the ignoring of Baptist principles, the forsaking of the fundamental idea of the Society—the building up of a literary institution divested of the idea of a school for the education of young men for the ministry of the gospel in the Baptist denomination—then he must, if needful, stand alone. It was this conviction, that he was carrying out the grand design of Him who so evidently founded and so signally blessed this school of the Baptists, which nerved him to action, gave strength to his body, vigor to his pen, and eloquence to his tongue, during those years of controversy and trial.

And the conviction that he acted wisely, and did the will of the Master in the matter, never forsook him. On the day of the last annual meeting of this Society, he called to his bedside a member of his family, and, directing his attention to these facts, strove to impress upon him the central idea of this institution; and, in the spirit of old Hamilcar when he caused young Hannibal to lay his hands upon the altar and swear eternal enmity to Rome, he well-nigh required an oath that, so far as the influence of one man might go, there should never be a departure from those principles. This was his one thought; for this he prayed with his last breath—that there might ever be found here a school where the utmost freedom should exist, and where the distinctive views of the Baptist denomination might be held, maintained and taught, with no one to interpose an objection, or ever point to the terms of a compact forbidding it.

* * * * *

Resigning the presidency of the University in 1868, and

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retaining that of the Seminary, he gave instruction in Practical Theology until 1871, when the wasting of his vigor compelled him to resign this last office and to retire from active duties, still, however, retaining a relation to the Seminary as Emeritus Professor, and having his salary continued to him by the Board of the University. His friends fondly hoped that thus his life might be prolonged for several years; but his Master saw it otherwise. He had finished his work. Why should he be longer separated from Him whom he loved? One short year of decline, with only so much suffering as was needful in the demolition of the house of his tabernacle, and, on the third day of August, just one year from the date of his retirement from the duties of his office as President of the Hamilton Theological Seminary, he passed peacefully away to the presence of God—to the joys of the redeemed.

On several occasions, during this decline, he called the writer to his bedside and told him, in emphatic language—with a manner which indicated a desire that it should be made prominent in any subsequent notice of him—that he regarded himself as a “sinner saved by grace.” The purity, integrity, simplicity and Christian fervor of his life had been attested by all who knew him, but it seemed to be feared by him that it might be forgotten that the grace of God was his only ground of confidence. He himself knew the plague of his own heart. He would magnify the grace which was sufficient to save even him.

XV.

THE FUNERAL.

The story was thus told, in a tribute by Dr. Spear, published in a local paper:

I am sad to-day. The Lord our God has made a breach upon me. I see a gulf between me and my personal friend who, for thirty-five years, has been my nearest neighbor and colleague. I mourn for the family, I mourn for the place, but most for myself. The sharer of many night and day struggles, the sharer of victories has gone! I can not now think so much of what the world has lost, what society has lost, as what I have lost. Here and now, before a new care comes upon me and dulls the recollection of the past, I stop to drop a tear.

He was my teacher in student life. He sanctioned my marital vows. He preached when the hands of elders were laid upon me. We have lived side by side on one of those beautiful hills of sunshine and shade, where heaven and earth kiss each other. Our children have mingled, and our firesides have almost been one. No death, for forty years, came to his household. Into mine four deaths came, and the sympathy of this neighbor were poured out like water.

Now he is gone, the first of his family! The patriarch has led the way. To-day his body has been carried to the Hill Cemetery that overlooks the scenes of his forty years' toil, and has been placed by the side of the former presidents of the University. There lies the great Kendrick; and there lies the firm and sagacious Taylor, and there, too, we have buried the beloved Eaton. He died peacefully. So gently he fell asleep that you did not know when life ceased. Six

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months he had struggled with death. But his enemy was strong. He died Saturday morning, August 3d, at the age of sixty-eight years and one month.

About forty years he had been connected with Madison University, of which he was twelve years the President. He had lived thirty-four years on "Woodland Height," at the house in which he died. His love of Nature and the beautiful in art had left many marks on the grounds around his dwelling. The evening zephyrs, laden with perfumes, and the bowers where evergreens weave their shades will long show his handiwork.

On the sixth day of August the funeral came. The services were conducted by Dr. Brooks, the pastor, and were solemn and beautiful. A big sorrow brooded over the people. The stores were shut; the bells tolled; friends moved to the house where the dead man lay; a prayer was offered; the casket was placed under the shade trees in front, where often the good man had sat with his friends, and what remained of him was viewed with many tearful eyes. The long procession moved by the university buildings to the cemetery, deposited the casket, and again, after the Scriptures were read and the dirge chanted, it proceeded to the Baptist Church.

The desk had been appropriately draped by the ladies of the town, and the dark underground was set with a cross of flowers, and on either side adorned with white camellias. The discourse, founded on Eph. 4: 11, "He gave some teachers," was a beautiful delineation of the character of the good and great man—a man whose life had been spent in teaching men how to preach the Gospel. It was in pensive, sympathetic strains, and showed that the Preacher entered the great life which he was unfolding.

So has passed away from among us, peacefully, mournfully, but grandly, a man whose life was full of blessing. He was a light in the social circle, a light in the University, and a light in the Church. Like the shining of the sun, it was his nature. He shed on all around him a soft light and a genial

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warmth. All felt it, and even the envious acknowledged it. There was nothing frigid or stiff in his intercourse; every touch was pliant and warm-hearted. The grasp of his hand, his looks and his word, testified to the frankness and sincerity of his heart, that there were no lurking places for dissimulation or suspicion.

THE LOVE OF HIS HEART.

I would not, at this time, undertake a full analysis of Dr. Eaton's character. Physically, intellectually and morally, he was colossal. In his moral nature, Love was the reigning element. It predominated everywhere and became a living force. It pervaded every sphere in which he moved. He loved everything good, and even the bad seemed often so covered with his charity that he was slow to see it, slow to hate it. This love would sometimes blind him and make him a victim of the designing. Unsuspicious, he thought other men were governed by the sentiment that ruled in him. The adder in the pathway would strike at his heel, and the archers sorely wounded him. But when he saw anything mean, or trickish, or malicious, or unjust, he had great contempt, and the scorn and sarcasm with which he visited it was withering.

He was in love with Nature, and drew inspiration from the thousand sources of beauty, sublimity and design which are here open to view. No man could be more in harmony with the outward world. He was in love with God and communed with him as with an ever-present and sustaining spirit. He was in love with the Gospel, and overwhelmed at times with the wisdom and power in it to save man. Skepticism and doubt, at this point, found with him no lodgment. To this was owing that simple and hearty assent to every declaration in the inspired Word as the end of all dispute. To this was owing that purely evangelical spirit which permeated all his teachings, and made his broad and comprehensive views of gospel truth such a power on the hearts of the people. He could say nothing, he could teach nothing that could weaken

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the foundation of Christian faith. He sought more to inspire the soul than the intellect, and used often to say that a huge intellect, without an evangelical heart, was a miserable failure in the ministry.

It is needless to tell how widely in him love reached. There was no corner of the life that it did not quicken. He loved, as if an only child, the institution which he served. He loved its spirit and surroundings. He loved the sky above it, the landscape below it, and the hills around it. He loved the pious dead that sleep near it. It was this love that made his soul revolt at any proposed violence or infringement of moral rights. It touched down into the quick of his nature and aroused his indignation.

THE STRENGTH AND GLOW OF HIS INTELLECT.

His intellect, though not compact, was majestic. He was not marked for tact, nor for sagacity, nor for organizing power; but when he saw clearly an end and the way to reach it, his power was irresistible. For it marshalled his whole nature, and when thus marshalled, he was not afraid, but bold and aggressive in executing. He summarily removed obstacles, or crushed his way through all opposition. He used no craft, took no advantage, except the advantage of force, and delivered his blows straight from the shoulder. His assailant would cower and retire from the contest. There was majesty mingled with awe in his whole mien when thrown by some sudden attack upon the defense of truth, or virtue, or right. For he stood a massive frame, rounded out into large dimensions, a singularly winning countenance, steady eye and all aglow with earnest enthusiasm and unyielding conviction.

In his moral nature love swayed, in his intellectual the imagination was prominent. It did not eclipse his judgment, or reason, or conscience, or memory; but it threw its scintillations over all, it crowned all. Hence his power of description was masterly, whether in extemporaneous or written discourse, whether in the social circle or before his class. A

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scene which he had once looked upon or a landscape that he had viewed he could reproduce in accuracy of detail and fullness that is rarely equaled. His pictures of Paris, his views of Switzerland, and his delineations of some distinguished men of England, as seen in his European tour, and many other topics introduced into his lectures and preaching, are in point as illustrations of his happy power of description. So easily was his mind impressed, so retentive, so readily again did it throw off the impressions in the most elegant and appropriate diction, that he became a mirror of nature and a living panorama of scenes and transactions in which he had mingled. His power of reproduction equaled his power of description, and past scenes became in his hands a new present.

With such a great and loving heart, and a massive intellect kindled with a chaste and vivid imagination, it is not difficult to see, as a resultant, the type of character illustrated in the person and life of Dr. Eaton. Simple in his manners, great in his simplicity, genial, rich in his experience, wide of observation, varied in his learning, broad and comprehensive in his views, versatile, eloquent — above all, and pervading his entire moral and intellectual nature, the religious element predominated. It told in his conversation, his instructions, his preaching and his public lectures. In all things Christ was his pattern. His hope was large and full of immortality. He sought to elevate man by the power of the Gospel, and the pious young men who came under his instructions he inspired with true Christian philanthropy and missionary zeal. THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

HAMILTON, August 6, 1872.

DR. BROOKS' SERMON.

A sermon was delivered, at the church, by Rev. Dr. W. R. Brooks, the pastor, from the text, Ephesians 4: 11, "And he gave some teachers." He began by saying:

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The unspeakable gift of God to this world was a Man—a Man in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; a Man in whose character humanity is forever glorified; by whose life the dead world is quickened and redeemed to God. And when he had borne the sins of men in his own body on the tree, had met and conquered the powers of Evil by whom we are oppressed, he ascended on high and gave gifts to men—men whom he endows with power and goodness to be helpers of others. A good man is a gift of God to the world. Nor can we see how he could give a better or a greater gift. It is so much of goodness, purity and sweetness, in the lives of good men and women, which preserves the moral elements of life from total corruption, and makes what of true value or happiness there is in human life.

In the scale of worldly honors men rank high or low by their position, their capacity, or their wealth. But in the scale of true and divine honors, no false or evil-minded man can ever be lifted out of contempt by any position or capacity; he ranks forever as a fool and a failure, in the judgment of God and all right-thinking men. Men rise in real rank, in true superiority, as they rise in moral goodness, as they render great and good service to the world. The great good man stands on the highest eminence known to created beings—next to God.

Of all the glories of this great and wide universe the great good man is the crown. Partaker of the divine nature, made in the image of God, and working together with him, he is the last and crowning creature of God. At the right hand of the Majesty on high, with all authority and power, both in heaven and in earth, in his hands, he sits, the Son of Man, in whom God dwells. Beholding his face, and heirs with him of all things, living as brethren with him in the great Father's house, are his followers on earth; and our dead brother is there among them. God gave us this great good man, this long good life. He has lived, like his Master, for others—for the world.

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And God gave him as a teacher of men. In this highest office of the church of Christ—excepting only those which inspired men can fill—he has spent his life and finished his work.

[Then follow the chief facts in the life of the departed, which have been already detailed.]

Of his connection with the University and of his character as a teacher I would not now speak particularly, since he will be spoken of in these relations by another in the presence of the University. Yet there are none of us but who feel how entirely his life was identified in our minds with the whole history of the Institution. And how much, for many years past, the early history and spirit of the University was represented by him! Amid the changes wrought by time and death and those controversies of the past, he has pursued the ideas and spirit of the fathers whose faith and prayers gave birth to the Institution and fixed his character upon it. He was the living bond by which the Institution in its present form was connected with its infancy and youth. He kept alive in his own great heart the sentiment of parental tenderness with which the Institution was regarded by those who founded it amid many difficulties and maintained it when it was a pioneer enterprise, and when its existence was as much an education of our denomination as its course of study was for its pupils. Our dear brother will always stand before our minds invested with the interest, and history, and spirit of the Institution as no one of its earlier officers does. He was longer and more intimately connected with it; more prominent and outspoken in his resistance to its removal, when few stood with him in the heat of the conflict. And he loved it almost as a mother loves the child she has watched over to strong and beautiful youth, through childhood, and danger, and anxiety.

He was God's gift to the cause of ministerial and general

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education. And the gift has an especial value for our denomination, from the time and circumstances in which it was bestowed; a time when and condition when the importance of such an education was by no means so acknowledged and felt as it is at present. We can conceive of no position in which Dr. Eaton could have done more for the world than he has done by the devotion of his life to the cause of Christian education. The want of our churches at the time was of educated, cultivated men, and he, with others, has done much to supply that want. He has written his name on the Institution in characters that will be clear and plain when the marble that marks his grave shall have crumbled into dust. He, with a few others, saved it to the world when all hope seemed lost, and he served it for forty years with all the powers he possessed, and with the constant affection of his great heart. His name is as much a household word in our churches as is the name of the University itself. Circumstances have thrown him into prominence and he has sustained the publicity of his life without losing the kindly regards of any who have known him. His life has had many and wide connections. Though the greater portion of his life has been spent in the discharge of his duties here, he has touched and influenced a wider circle; and wherever the influence of his character has been felt, it could be felt only for good. The hundreds of young men who have been his pupils, who are now themselves in positions of influence among men, in so far as they have taken anything from him, can only have taken an enthusiasm for their work and lessons of kindness and charity toward men. The men of his times, with whom he has worked in accord, or with whom he has differed, have felt in him a high and loving spirit; and that spirit, so habitual with him, has made all who know him his friends. It would be hard to believe that, of the great number of men of all classes whom he has touched, there should be a single one in whom he has left any bitterness or enmity. It is impossible to think of an enemy to Dr. Eaton. His life has filled a whole sphere of

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acquaintance and influence, and it is pleasant to think that he has sown only seeds of kindness and of friendship in the lives of men.

There are not too many men who can denounce without passion or bitterness, or who can differ and dispute, without personal animosity. Yet we know he did. His sense of justice and his broad sympathy with men aroused his indignation at public wrongs, yet the thunder of his denunciations was free from personal enmity or bitterness. Indeed, he needed all the force of his conscience to prevent his sympathy from making him sometimes too charitable, too ready to overlook the serious faults of men. He trusted not only their integrity, but their kindness to himself, with a confidence which, in a measure, compelled them to be his friends. How far he was from the passion of jealousy or suspicion! How broadly and generously he trusted us all! His generous soul could not entertain a suspicion. How generously he rejoiced in the prosperity of others! How little of envy men ever saw in him! and not because he did not value reputation and fame for himself. Yet he never seemed to think that the fame or favor given to others was anything taken from his own portion. Envy is the one terrible temptation of public life. Wealth may be shared with others. I am not the poorer because my neighbor is rich. But popularity can not be so shared. Whoever takes the public eye, the public ear, to himself, takes it away, in the same degree, from all others, and public men are prone to feel the poor, mean spirit of envy toward those who thus take the public eye. But while our brother desired appreciation and honorable recognition, while he had some ambition in this direction, it was untainted with envy. In all my years of intercourse with him, he never hesitated to cordially admit the good qualities in men; never tried to injure another in my esteem. Many good men, many men perhaps greater than he, have yet had in their lives far fewer connections with others, have known and touched far fewer lives. It is pleasant to think that wherever he has so

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touched and influenced human souls he has left on them the mark of a generous, loving spirit. It also deserves our notice to-day that, amid all the exciting discussions and all the vast amount of new ideas which, as a teacher of religion, he has had to meet, he has been thoroughly and strictly orthodox through all. He has held with unwavering consistency to the faith as taught and accepted in evangelical churches. In early life he so thoroughly accepted the supreme and sufficient authority of the Scriptures that no doubt, no question could ever find place in his mind. Indeed, he seemed to feel so much that all doubt and difficulties were forever settled, that he hardly had patience with any form of suspicion or doubt, and may not always have done justice to new ideas where they seemed in any manner to oppose the faith of the Church. Such ideas did not seem to him worthy of notice. So wide and far as the influence of his teaching has gone in the world, it has gone for the system of doctrine developed by the Reformation, and he himself would rejoice no more in any result of his life than he would if he knew that he had strengthened the authority and added to the influence of those doctrines. He was like a warrior at ease behind impregnable defenses.

When God gave this good man to the Church he added to the value of the gift by the endowment of a real and durable enthusiasm. Some good men and great men, with all their capacity and goodness, yet often find life and work dull and dreary. They have the fatal gift of seeing too clearly the vacancy and imperfection, and the misery of life is too visible to them, and they have not an equal faith and hope for mankind to destroy the desponding effect of evil in the world. But God gave our dear brother a strong physical nature, sound health and a happy temperament, and those, with a strong imagination, gave him an enthusiastic interest in his life and work.

His life has been intensely interesting to him. Events have always looked large and important. Every public, every

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personal interest has seemed to him invested with special significance. There have been few dry places in his life for him, and he has seldom treated any matter, even the smallest, with indifference. How long we shall remember his pleasant enthusiasm, the warm, lively interest with which he did and said the doings and sayings of his life! I do not wonder, in the least, that he should, as he did, cling to life. He wanted to live. He hoped to live, long after his friends were compelled to see that he must surely die. It was natural. Life was so full of interest to him. He loved to live. He loved to work among men. His spirit was still young, enthusiastic, hopeful; and he so felt this enthusiasm for life that he could not see how his vital powers had failed under the influence of disease. Yet when, at last, he knew that he should die, the good man was not wanting in a sincere submission to the Divine will.

We should not appreciate Dr. Eaton if we did not also appreciate the simplicity, the childlikeness of his character. There was no duplicity, no concealment, no delusive complacency in him. He loved to abandon himself without restraint to the kindly sympathies of social life. He never had an ulterior design. If he was pleased with the manifestation of affection and respect for himself—as who is not?—he took this pleasure in the sight of all men. He seemed always to wonder at the goodness of God to him. It was wonderful that people should love him. And when he was wounded and thought himself abused, he was more grieved and hurt than angry or resentful. He could not retain a resentment. He could not, in the end, believe that anybody meant to injure him. It is the effect of this characteristic that, with all our respect for his abilities, we, who have lived with him these many years, will remember him probably more for the great kindness of heart with which he was endowed; we all loved him. He was my dear friend, and he was yours also. We are all mourners to-day. All our hearts

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are touched to think that we shall see him no more in our streets, in our houses.

A great vacancy is left where he has been. To meet him was to be sure of a kind and cordial greeting. His confidence took us in without question or restraint. If his friends and acquaintances had faults, he did not see them. He believed in "total depravity"; but all the men whom he knew were good. His welcome was large and liberal for all. How good it is to know a man like him; how good for a community where such a great living soul lives in it, shedding kindness and charity all around him! How easy to allow to such a living soul whatever faults it may possess; to let them pass and be forgotten! How pleasant to think of his pleasure in meeting the men of his own time in heaven! There are many there who were glad to see him come. Many as are his friends on earth, there are as many more in heaven. His own generation are mostly dead, and it seems good and proper that he should go to join them in their rest.

But I do not forget that he was God's best gift to his family. I do not forget what he was to them, nor what his death must be for them to bear. How happily they lived together. How tenderly he was loved by them all. What a companion to his children he has been! I know how he has enjoyed their affection for him; how he has felt that in their life and society God has wonderfully preserved them. Death has never come into this circle before. May the greatness and strangeness of this grief be comforted by the remembrance of the love in which they have lived. He died among them. He has gone from home to home—from the midst of love to where love is still the bond of perfectness. He was ours also, our brother. The whole Church was his family; and though his Christian labor was, of course, chiefly connected with the University, yet we knew he loved the Church and prayed for its prosperity. We, too, suffer in his death. He was God's gift to the Church and to the world. And,

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thinking of his long, good life, of the great and noble service he has rendered to the institution he loved, and to every good cause and enterprise—thinking, too, of his great, loving heart for all, let us acknowledge the value of the gift and be thankful that, having served his generation, he has fallen on sleep and entered into rest.

Surely the darkness and the sorrow are all on this side. Where he stands there is no more sorrow nor crying. The infinite peace of God is spread over all that world. The hurry and turmoil of life is done. The good and glory of the past are gathered there and there he sees the face of Christ. He complained in life that, though he believed all great facts, he could not apprehend them. How sweetly all this reality and glory will come to him there! He needs to imagine them no more. He sees them, and in that vision let us be willing to leave him with this last testimony of our love and our gratitude for his long and useful life.

Yet, oh, how utterly we should fail to see this life aright if we did not see it as one long, earnest, consistent witness for Christian truth and a Christian life! How utterly we shall fail to feel the force of this good man's life if we do not feel it as an exhortation to follow him as he followed Christ! Is there any of us for whom he has not prayed? Is there any one of us whom he will not sadly miss should we not also reach the heavenly home? Has he not often borne the witness to every one of us? I hope to see him then, some blessed day. It is a new attraction of that world to many of us to-day. Thanks be to God for all good men whom he has given to his Church. Thanks be to God for this good man and his long, loving life. Thanks be to God that he has left behind him to live in the world a true and faithful witness and, above all, that he is now forever at rest with the Lord, there where life and time and change are bringing us also.

XVI.

THE ECHO.

The announcement of the death of Dr. Eaton went swiftly to the ends of our country. No man among us was so widely known; no other had such a place in the hearts of so large a number of students and other friends. Immediately came letters and newspaper clippings, telling how deeply the loss was felt; echoing the facts and the estimates of his character and life as expressed in Hamilton. President Dodge preached a sermon before the students, in which he paid a glowing eulogy to the memory of the departed. In it he spoke of his last visit to the dying man, and said: "Going from the room, as I turned at the door to see his face once more, and he called me back and we kissed each other again, I gave thanks to God for George W. Eaton."

The various denominational papers, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago, as well as those in the South, had announcements in which only one voice was heard, one estimate expressed. Professor John J. Lewis, Rev. Dr. George J. Johnson, Rev. Dr. B. F. Bronson, Rev. John C. Ward, and others whose names were not signed to their articles, prolonged the echo. A grandson, George Eaton Mott, a

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boy of fourteen, had already written a poem at the time when his grandfather was thought to be at the door of death a few months earlier, as follows :

Soldier of Christ, put off thine armor now ;
Lay the bright weapons of thy warfare down.
The iron helmet on thy toil-worn brow
Shall soon be changed for an immortal crown.

Though legioned foes thronged darkly round thy way
Firmly and nobly hath thy way been trod.
And now thy Night is bursting into Day,
Undaunted Champion of the Church of God.

Strong, fearless Champion of the Truth, the tears
From many a mourning eye flow forth for thee ;
For the pure labors of thine earthly years,
Thy fervent love and saintly charity.

And though thy Spirit's lamp doth cease to shine
Through the thick darkness of our mortal night,
On heaven's altar, radiant, divine,
It burneth with still deeper, holier light.

We mourn thee e'en as those who mourning bless
The pilgrim journeying to his native clime,
Watching to mark the joyful footsteps press
The sacred shore beyond the stream of Time.

It would afford pleasure to quote largely from various articles appreciative of the beloved teacher and friend, but it would add little to what has been already said. Still we must not pass by one testimony from a unique character, one of the most successful evangel-

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ists whom God gave to the Baptist denomination in the nineteenth century, Elder Jabez Swan, whose public life was almost contemporary with that of Dr. Eaton, though in a quite different field. He conducted several series of evangelistic meetings in Hamilton, where lived his sister, Mrs. Charles Payne, with whom his mother had her home in her later years. A volume edited by Rev. Frederick Denison and published under the title, "The Evangelist; or, Life and Labors of Rev. Jabez S. Swan," gives two somewhat lengthy paragraphs to Dr. Eaton, in connection with an account of his last revival work in Hamilton, in 1871, as follows:

Of Dr. Eaton I ought to say more than to merely refer to him. I knew him for nearly forty years. God built him for service. His soul had large room to work in; I mean his earthly house. He combined the most distinguished qualities of character I ever knew in one man. His friendship was as pure as it was strong; and his sympathies ran in the broadest channels which a human heart could feel; and his heart was like a river with banks always full, often to overflowing. I knew him better as a preacher, as a Christian, as a sympathizer with my work for God, than as a professor in his more general calling. Abler pens than mine have done him justice in those relations. His love for the Institution, in which he spent his strength, surpassed the love of women. When its life was struck with erring hands and addled heads, he threw all his powers on the side of righteousness and bent in the faith of God's elect, in appealing to heaven for the defeat of schemes to run off with our educational ark.

I was with him in one season of prayer which he thought turned the scale. As a preacher he was peculiar; he required

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considerable ground to turn in. When he beat up oil for the sanctuary, it took a vessel as large as his to contain it. When in his best moods in the pulpit, he could furnish his hearers with a meal as effective as that brought to Elijah by the angel, on which he was sustained forty days, till he reached the mount of God. His theological views threw a charm over the whole field of divine truth. He came into the forest of God's Lebanon and displayed a genius in unfolding the beauty of the hill of God that few ever equaled: and his general range of thought, if you followed him, took his hearers as in a walk among the trees of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. His uprightness was like the palm tree. With some giant minds we get kinks in the will, while some powers are of Samson growth, combine weakness with strength, and, like Samson, with weakness in the will, lose their locks by some fascinating Delilah, and the Philistines have them. But not so with the Doctor. Each power of the soul seemed balanced by corresponding powers, enabling him to work the whole mental and moral machinery so as to draw trains of thought freighted with the fruits, fragrance and beauty of the Jerusalem above. His sympathies with student life were a marvel. While he could not be beguiled into an approval of wrong, yet he would find in the boys, though a little wayward, some good thing regarding the God of Israel. If he ever erred, it was on the side of mercy. His humility was a sort of girdle bound about the whole religious dress. His shaking of hands was better than a whole sermon upon recognition in heaven. The last time I met him was while he was prostrated by sickness, of which he finally died. He was so enfeebled that it was thought questionable whether I had better see him. I insisted he should decide. When he found I as in the house, he would not be put off. I must come in. I went to his bed, and he clasped his long arms around my neck, exclaiming, "Oh! Brother Swan, the New Jerusalem! The New Jerusalem!" We wept

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in each other's arms, like David and Jonathan. I then bowed with his weeping family, and led in prayer for his life, if possible, to be long lengthened out: and God did partially restore him, to wait a season longer. He walked with God and God took him.

Only one who knew "Elder Swan" can fully appreciate the heart-throb of this tribute. The two men had many characteristics in common.

XVII.

ELIZA H. EATON.

This Memorial would not be complete, nor would it meet the expectations of those who knew her in her life, if some reference were not made to Mrs. Eaton. Her family relations have been mentioned already, in another chapter; but it is not said what she was to her husband and family during her long life. She filled the home. Her mind was active; her sympathies large; her charities abundant; her literary taste cultivated; her care for her household assiduous.

She was in perfect sympathy with her husband in his care for the University and his efforts to keep it where it had been founded. She did much to assist in the struggle for its retention in Hamilton, and is said to have been the direct means of starting the endowment, after the controversy was ended. All her six children survived her. Her death occurred at the home of her son James, in Liberty, Mo., in 1893, and the remains were deposited beside those of her husband, whom she revered. Rev. Dr. Beebee, writing of her funeral, said:

There was a large gathering present, consisting of members of the faculties of the University, with their wives, of the old friends of Mrs. Eaton who were full of the memories of long ago, and of citizens who had so long been interested in her, as she had lived and moved among them a conspicuous



MRS. ELIZA H. EATON.



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and venerable relic in this community of by-gone years. Mrs. Eaton was eighty-six years old when she died, and, from 1833, when she came here the wife of the Rev. Dr. Eaton, afterward President of the University, Hamilton had been her home.

Dr. Andrews, in his address, recalled, with well-chosen words, the long life of Mrs. Eaton, portraying in vivid picture her true, womanly life and character in her beautiful home on Woodland Height, the hill where now stands the seminary building, Eaton Hall; her devotion, affection and many services as wife and mother; her ready and responsive sympathy with the large-hearted generosity of her noble and honored husband, especially when burdened with exhausting labors and severest trials during the darkest period in the history of the University, when, to be true to his convictions, was to fill the night and the day with toil, to suffer the alienation of dearest friendships and, in many instances, to incur the reproach and censure of men whom he had clung to for years with every sentiment of honor, respect and affection. Dr. Andrews' portraiture of Mrs. Eaton's sympathy, cheering confidence and hope in that dark hour was beautiful and just. One fact he mentioned of special significance. Everything that was published during the great controversy was cut from the papers by Mrs. Eaton and preserved in a scrapbook, which was afterward of importance as evidence in the court when the question of removal was under trial. Most fittingly also was mention made in this address of the important service which Mrs. Eaton rendered to the institution in cultivating the most cordial social relations between the citizens of the village and the members of the faculties, their families, and the students, together with the promptness and generosity with which she met the demands, that in her day were made at commencements, and, in fact, at all times, upon the hospitalities of the professors' homes, and especially upon the home of the President of the University. One of the most tender and impressive parts of the address was near the close, in

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which allusion was made to the love which she inspired in her children for their mother, and which was signally illustrated by the constant and pathetic attentions and assiduities paid to her by her youngest son, William Colgate Eaton, of the U. S. Navy, who, during the last few years but one of her life, was permitted to be with her, while detailed by the Government to give instruction in the University.

The address of Dr. Clarke was most happy. He, as her recent pastor, emphasized her strong attachment to the church. Nothing could have been more appropriate than the few simple words which he read, and which some time ago she uttered in a prayer meeting. They were penciled down at the time by some one present, and on the day of the funeral handed to the pastor. They were as follows: "I have now been serving the Lord Jesus Christ for seventy-one years, and have always found that his ways were ways of pleasantness, and all his paths were peace. Now at last I am waiting till he shall call me." At the close, attention was most felicitously directed to the service which Mrs. Eaton in her advanced years had rendered to the cause of benevolence. She had special taste, and for one so old wonderful industry and success, in making a great variety of fancy quilts, which at the great missionary gatherings were much admired, and sold and resold at large prices, and the avails given to the cause of missions. (Sold for about \$2,000.)

The services were concluded with prayer and singing. The audience, as it retired, had the opportunity of looking on the face of the deceased, as the casket had been taken into the parlors of the church, after which the remains were borne to the cemetery, accompanied by the mourning friends, members of the faculty and the deacons of the church acting as bearers.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

*For the Seventy-eighth Anniversary of Mrs. G. W. Eaton,
April 2, 1885.*

BY MRS. L. E. LASHER.

The record calls thee "seventy-eight."
Thou didst but jestingly misstate.
Thy hair's brown hue not silvered o'er;
And yet thou'rt nearing thy fourscore.

E'en now mine eyes do light upon
Some cunning work thy hand hath done.
Not this the mark of life's decline;
The morning freshness still is thine.

Hast thou, then, found the fabled spring
Of brave DeLeon's wandering?
And quaffed therefrom immortal youth,
And proved the Spaniard's dream the truth—

That somewhere in a land of flowers,
Where angel fingers chime the hours,
A fountain, gushing o'er the plain,
Brings back to age lost years again?

Yes, thou hast found it, though not where
The rose and jess'mine scent the air;
But, in thy sympathy of heart,
To be of other lives a part.

Ah! this is life's perennial spring—
A soul attuned to everything
Which blesses, elevates, refines—
A wealth beyond Golconda's mines!

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To have a spell more rare within
Than alchemist essayed to win—
Th' elixir sages sought, of old,
That turned all common things to gold.

Still beauty hath its power to thrill,
In flower and cloud and wooded hill,
In art, or thought of printed page.
Not thine the dulléd sense of age.

Still from thy lips the light laugh rings;
Still in thy ear the wild bird sings;
Still doth thy hand retain its skill
To weave the beautiful at will.

Though, looking backward o'er the years,
Thine eyes are often filled with tears,
Thy widowed heart still makes its moan—
To every joy grief's undertone—

Yet hast thou faith and love and trust.
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust";
But o'er the grave the lilies bloom
And Easter angels guard the tomb.

* * * * *

What shall I wish thee, mother, dear?
That all thy days remaining here
Be by thy Savior's presence blest?
His gift to thee, serenest rest?

In heavenly peace may'st thou abide,
While softly falls thine eventide;
Celestial light illumine thy way,
At last to blend in perfect day.

XVIII.

FAMILY RECORD.

To Dr. and Mrs. Eaton were born six children.

George Boardman. Born June 10, 1832. Graduated from the University in 1856. Married Harriet Phillips. Spent most of his active life in the custom house, New York. Died in Waterloo, Wis., April 12, 1906. Children, Louise (Seeber) and Charles Phillips.

James Rodolphus. Born December 11, 1834. Graduated from the University in 1856. Married Martha E. Lewright. Professor of Natural Sciences in William Jewell College. Died in Cairo, Egypt, March 20, 1897. Children, Hubert Dwight and Mabel Elsie (Llewellyn).

Frances Douglass. Born May 29, 1837. Educated at Troy Female Seminary. Married J. Addison Mott, who died March 12, 1874. She then married Henry R. Pierson, who died Jan. 1, 1890. Resides in Brooklyn. Son, George Eaton Mott, lawyer, Brooklyn.

Eliza Clarissa ("L. E. L."). Born May 3, 1839. Educated at Young Ladies' Seminary (Ogontz), Philadelphia. Married George W. Lasher. Died in Cincinnati May 6, 1913. Children, Helen Louise, Clara Adelia and Elizabeth Isabelle (Austin).

Mary Hanmer. Born November 29, 1841. Educated at Young Ladies' Seminary (Ogontz), Philadel-

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phia. Married Rev. Hubert C. Woods. Widowed in 1899. Died in Cincinnati April 16, 1906. Daughter, Grace Eaton (Loomis). Princeton University.

William Colgate. Born February 4, 1851. Graduated from the University in 1869. Graduated from United States Naval Academy in 1874. Married Lizzie Blish. Retired Commodore, 1908. Resides in Hamilton. Son, William West.

XIX.
ADDRESSES

THE DUTY AND REWARDS OF ORIGINAL THINKING.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ADELPHIAN SOCIETY
IN 1846.

Young Gentlemen of the Adelprian Society:

It is with mingled emotions of pleasure and anxiety that I appear before you this evening. I am happy in obeying your call, to testify my sincere respect and affection for you as individuals, and my lively interest in your association. If I have one feeling which rises in fervency above the ordinary train of my emotions, it is that which prompts my constant prayer for your and your associates' intellectual and moral progress, for your individual happiness, and for your healthful combined influence upon the world. But this very feeling produces an anxiety, lest, on an occasion so propitious as the present, for making a deep and favorable impression upon your minds, the suggestions which I shall offer will be worthy, neither of the occasion, nor of the audience. I confess I have experienced no little difficulty in the selection of a subject. I had in my mind several topics which I deemed deserving of your special regard, connected together, some by near, others by remoter relations, and while I desired to find a subject sufficiently general to embrace them all, I felt the importance of it being so definite as to make a distinct impression as a whole. The subject finally determined upon I would express as follows:

The Duty and Rewards of Original Thinking.

My subject, I presume, needs no defining. All will understand by *original thinking* the exercise of one's own intel-

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lectual faculties, in originating conceptions and forming judgments independently of direct aid from other minds. Let us first attend to the consideration of the *duty* of such exercise. Minds of your order and high purposes, I take it for granted, can be susceptible of no stronger motive than a *sense of duty*; and if, by the suggestions I am about to make, I shall awaken this sense in reference to the subject before us, I shall feel that the effort of the evening has been completely successful. Consider, then, I beseech you, gentlemen, the gift of God in the intellect, which each one of you possesses. A wonderful gift! Contemplate its nature, its powers, its capabilities. It is immortal, of infinite expansibility, of mysterious and exhaustless energies, to whose influence, when active, no imagination can set limit. But in what condition do you find this gift? Much like that of the germ which infolds, within an invisibly small space, the future monarch of the forest. It is given to you with the charge, *to make the most of it*. The injunction, "Occupy till I come," has respect to our intellectual as well as to our moral nature. It includes the whole man. How, then, are we to obey this injunction? Let me answer in the same inspired language. "By *stirring up* the gift" within us—by waking up and urging into action the dormant powers of the immortal germ. There must be life, and heat, and movement within, or there will be no expansion and development without. The faculties of the intellect can never attain to their full development and power without *intense exercise*. This is the immutable and eternal law of their progress. There is absolutely no substitute for this. Will you depend upon reading and the varied forms of instruction to which the mind is submitted? These of themselves can no more accomplish the end than stones and mortar and wood can project the model and complete the structure of the splendid edifice of which they constitute the unconscious material; no more than earth and rain and sunshine can unfold the germ and rear the majestic tree when the subtle principle of vegetable life is extinct or inert. What-

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ever, then, may be the outward circumstances in which you are placed, you are shut up to the necessity—if you would discharge the obligations you have incurred to your Maker by the rich endowment of an intellectual nature—of submitting to the only condition in which this nature can be materially enlarged and improved, viz.: *the intense exercise of its faculties*. In making your intellects what they are capable of becoming (and your obligations do not cease short of this limit—obligations are commensurate with capabilities), you must keep in mind, gentlemen, that you are to do the principal work *yourselves*. Whatever may be your advantages and facilities for improvement, you can never transfer *this* work to others. We often hear of *self-made* men. The limited appropriation of this designation is fallacious. There are no *men* but those who have made themselves. Some indeed possess higher advantages and ampler facilities in the performance of this personal work than others; and it is a great favor and privilege they have; but so far from relieving them from the *duty* and *necessity* of personal individual effort, the duty is enhanced and the necessity enforced: for, on the one hand, by the right use of these helps, they may accomplish much more toward the production of the great result after which they should ever be reaching; and, on the other hand, they are in danger of delusively trusting to these facilities to accomplish for them what they have no power to do, and so they become fatal hindrances instead of useful subsidiaries.

I would lay down here the broad proposition, and I beg you to mark it, that as our means for intellectual improvement are multiplied, there is a demand for *increased* energy in our mental exercises. Is it not obvious that in proportion to the amount of material must be the activity of the processes by which it is worked up and incorporated into the mental structure? In the physiology of the body it would be a singularly absurd notion that when plenty of suitable food is supplied the necessity of action in the digestive and assimilative organs is diminished. The lowest order of common

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sense would perceive that the greater the supply of nutritious food, the more energetic and rapid must be the appropriating and assimilating processes, if there is to be any healthful expansion and growth. Equally absurd is the notion that when we are surrounded with abundance of aliment for the immortal mind, and it is daily prepared in the most convenient forms for our reception, there is a less imperious call for those internal processes of thought, by which alone this aliment is to be digested and made a part of our intellectual system. Often has the body wasted away and died in the midst of plenty, from the inaction of the digestive powers. Like phenomena are not unfrequent in the realm of mind.

Remember, then, gentlemen, if you would make the most of the intellect which God has given you for the noblest purposes, if you would have it *grow*, and enlarge, and gather power, and move on toward that high and inconceivably glorious perfection of which it is capable, you must severely task its faculties. The energies at the seat of its life must be kept in ceaseless action. Without a figure, you must *think, intensely think*. I say *intensely*, because feeble thought is wholly inadequate to the production of the desired result. A wonderful result is to be achieved, and a corresponding effort is demanded. A power is to be brought out and put in action, which may touch springs that shall send vibrations through the boundless regions of humanity.

Another view may show the duty under consideration. As intellectual and moral beings, we have duties to perform which presuppose a comprehension and a power in the intellect, which can only be acquired by severe exercise and discipline. Our duties are of immeasurable extent and magnitude. Rightly to comprehend their nature and far-reaching relations, there must be a mental vision clear and far sighted. Rightly to perform them requires mental powers gigantic and *procinct*. And remember, we never can be absolved from the discharge of these duties on the ground of a want of ability to understand and do them. Such a plea will only

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increase our guilt and insure a double punishment. We shall be punished for the non-performance of the duties, and also for failing to provide ourselves with the resources which would have rendered us equal to their discharge. The powers which lie folded up within us are amply sufficient for the work we have to do, great as it is, if we are but faithful in evolving them and fitting them for their office. If we have a work assigned us, and an instrument put into our hands which we are required to adjust and set in motion, being assured by competent authority that it will prove adequate to the end, we surely could not excuse ourselves for the non-performance of the work, because the instrument was not prepared and applied. We should have no answer for the neglect of preparation and application. Again: the intellect is the great instrument in our investigation of *truth*, and without a diligent improvement of its powers we shall be disqualified for the discharge of this, the highest duty, and for the enjoyment of this, the sublimest privilege, of a rational being. Every individual, we conclude, then, is as much under obligation to exercise the powers of his own intellect as to perform any other act whatever.

This conclusion, I apprehend, is not in accordance with the general feeling. Who feels guilty for not exercising in investigation, or reflection, or even in practical decisions, the powers of his own understanding? These may lie dormant, or be left in an embryo state, and yet no convictions of deep wrong and criminality be felt. And yet, is it not clear that an individual grievously sins against his own nature, and against the Eternal and beneficent Author of this nature, in neglecting to stir up the gift that is in him, and leaving the germs of immortal thought and of moral emotion, which might be called forth and expanded and matured into a glorious image of the Eternal mind, to remain in the slumber of unconscious repose? And this sin, not confined to the willfully perverse and abandoned, who have thrown off from them the claims of God and of society, is justly chargeable

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on hundreds who really wish to do right, but are too indolent to *think out* the right. These latter greatly rejoice when some one in whom they have confidence comes along and tells them what to do in relation to any point of morals or economics. They implicitly follow the advice given, and feel happy in so doing, when they may not have employed, for a moment, the faculties of their own understanding in examining the nature and bearings of their new course. Now, though this course may be right, they are not the less to blame for acting *solely* on the suggestions of another. These suggestions should have been first subjected to the searching scrutiny of their own judgment, and if truly judicious should have been converted into internal convictions of right and propriety before they were dignified into motives of action. As it is, there is no merit in their course, right though it be, in itself. Had they been advised to take a directly opposite course, they would have done it with equal readiness and equal satisfaction.

In this country of equal rights and equal laws and equal liberty no individual is under the necessity of acting from authority or prescription, but may follow out the suggestions of his own free and untrammelled mind, subject only to the great law of moral accountability which binds him to the throne of his Maker. Greatly augmented guilt, therefore, attaches to those who resign the business of thinking and marking out their course to others—who voluntarily subject themselves to a slavery more abject and complete than that monstrous system which manacles the limbs and lacerates and kills the body of the victim; for the immortal mind, made in the image of God, and alone accountable to Him for the exercise of its wonderful powers, whose “thoughts might wander through eternity,” and career around the “flaming bounds of the universe,” is subjected to the will and dictation of a fellow being no higher in the scale of existence than itself, and all its vast powers left unexercised and unimproved, or only so far as their improvement and exercise are needed

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to do the bidding of its master. All the distinctive peculiarities stamped upon it by its Creator, and which were designed to be brought out and heightened and perfected by the working of its own internal energies, in concert with the outward influences in contact with it, until a glorious *individual* should stand out before the universe, clothed in the peculiar splendors "of its own originality," are effaced; and it becomes the mere passive reflector of another's peculiarities and opinions, without any outward signs of an inward unextinguishable principle of life of its own. If this be not basely dishonoring the God of its creation, and shamefully degrading its own lofty nature, I know not what is.

Let it be understood, then, that every individual who has an understanding in a sane condition is bound to exercise all the faculties of that understanding on all subjects of opinion and conduct presented for his adoption; and that he is not guiltless even in holding right opinions and in pursuing a right course, if he does this from other motives than the convictions of a reasoning judgment and the dictates of an intelligent conscience. And further, that he will be held accountable at the bar of his Creator for transferring to another the glorious *birthright* of a *thinking* being and dealing exclusively in thoughts manufactured to his hand. The duty of thinking and reflecting is personal and untransferable. It is as much a man's prerogative to think and reflect for himself as to see and hear for himself. And when he foregoes this prerogative, and relies wholly upon the opinions and guidance of others, he acts as foolishly (and much more criminally) as if he should stop his ears and bandage his eyes and put his hand into that of another to lead him unresistingly about whithersoever he chooses. Let no individual, then, suppose he can escape from the responsibility of neglecting to exercise and improve the higher faculties of his own nature, and letting himself down to the condition of a passive instrument of another. He can not be excused from

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the duty of thinking and acting for himself until his power of thought is annihilated and he is divested of the attributes of a rational free agent.

Let us now pass to the consideration of the other part of our subject—*The rewards of original thinking*. We begin with the least in dignity and value, the *pleasures* of the exercise. It will not be denied that there are *pains* as well as *pleasures* of thought. *Thinking*, in the sense in which we now use the term, is no easy exercise. It is especially hard to minds unaccustomed to it. The first real triumphs of the young intellect are generally the fruit of severe and protracted struggles. The quiet study of the midnight hour, the silent grove, the lonely path, the retired nook, can bear witness to the convulsive throes which have preceded the victory that renders forever conspicuous some name before unnoticed. And indeed always, at every period of intellectual progress, the most splendid and permanent results of thought have been achieved by exhausting toil. It is true, a well-disciplined intellect, long used to close thinking, will come to handle with perfect ease and delight all ordinary topics; but even such an one will not unfrequently meet with subjects which demand a girding up of all its energies and an intense and painful exertion of its powers to master and manage them. There is a silly vanity in some individuals that makes them pretend that their finest productions are the result of little effort. They wish to get the reputation of being geniuses—a strange class, who are said to be exempt from the general law of their species, and attain to intellectual excellence without labor. I knew one with this infirmity, who labored intensely when everybody else was asleep, appearing careless during the day, and when called upon for an exercise throwing off his fine conceptions as if they came unevoked and unbidden from a full and gushing fountain of inspiration. Contemptible folly! What is there to be ashamed of in the struggles of the mind after truth and beauty and power? If there be anything worthy of toil, the most intense and

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exhausting, it is the elaboration of immortal thought. And we may rest assured, notwithstanding the apparent ease with which some brilliant minds throw off their splendid conceptions, that high and substantial intellectual excellence is ordinarily, if not always, the result of severe and laborious effort. I would not disguise this repulsive view of our subject. Truly, to put in motion the wondrous living machinery that manufactures thought is no child's play.

But, making the worst of it, I would still say that, next to the pleasures of religion—the joys of a pure and sanctified heart—there are no pleasures to be compared to the *pleasures* of thought. He that has struggled at the midnight hour for a clear conception upon a difficult subject of investigation—who has seen it rise in his mental horizon, involved in clouds and mists, flashing an occasional glimpse through the murky atmosphere, and then concealing itself in thick darkness, and anon advancing and pouring a sudden radiance over the gloom, and then retiring and folding up its beams in its cloudy shroud; and has intensely watched the rising luminary through all these alterations of light and darkness, hope and disappointment, until the intervening clouds suddenly dispart and roll away on either hand, and the glorious orb stands revealed, pouring abroad its brightest splendors, and illuminating and defining every object over the broad field of its speculation—think you that midnight student does not feel a pleasure that he would not exchange for all the joys of sense? If you should see him leap from his chair and scream in the excess of his joy, you would think he was experiencing thrills that vibrated his soul from its center to its circumference. Many such triumphs and thrilling moments await the studious man whose intellectual energies are wont to grapple with great subjects worthy of their exertion.

There are pleasures of thought of a soberer cast. The beneficent Creator has connected a pleasure with the simple exertion of our intellectual faculties, and this pleasure ever accompanies and mitigates whatever pain is experienced in

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the mind's severest conflicts. The process of reasoning, and the steady progress of the understanding toward a logical conclusion, awakens a most pleasurable interest; and when the clear and demonstrative conclusion is arrived at, the interest frequently rises into a joyous excitement. And then there is the peculiar satisfaction of looking over your intellectual treasures, and feeling that they are *yours*—that you have an original right and proprietorship in them—they have your mark upon them. Although the materials of these treasures may be possessed by you in common with many others, yet they have all passed through the mental process of appropriation—they have been melted down in the flowing furnace of your own mind, and recoinced and stamped with your own *individuality*—they bear the image and superscription of the living spirit that *thinks* and burns and glows within. Hence the original *thinker* carries about with him a pleasing and elevating consciousness of inward power; of resources independent of the vicissitudes of the outward world. Deprive him of all extraneous sources of instruction and knowledge; shut from his view the bright heavens and the green earth; take from him his most valued possessions—the lofty and inspiring productions of congenial minds; incarcerate him in a dungeon where no straggling ray of daylight can reach him. What then? He can turn to the world within, and listen there to the voices of a higher wisdom, and drink at fountains of richer knowledge, bubbling up from the clear depths of his own spirit, than ever he heard or tasted without. He can create a higher heaven and a greener earth than those of which his senses are deprived—where a more glorious sun sheds clearer splendors, where landscapes smile in livelier sheen—where more inviting groves are waved by gladder breezes and resound with sweeter songs. As to books, give him pen, ink, paper and lamp, and he will *make* a book which a world shall read enraptured. Some of the most extraordinary productions of the human mind, which

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have delighted and instructed generation after generation, came from men of deep original thought while immured in dungeons. And finally there is a lofty pleasure, which none but the original thinker feels, in the consciousness of being engaged in the sublime pursuit of fulfilling his *individual* destiny. Original thought is "the stirring of the divinity within us," and every throe and every heave advances our whole nature toward the dignity of angelic intelligences. And this brings us to the mention of another reward of original intellectual exertion, viz.:

The personal respect and dignity it confers.

It is impossible to withhold respect from a man who *thinks*. Though he may think erroneously, and we may regret that powers so active and strong are not employed to better purpose, yet there is something in the very action of a self-moving intellect that wakens a respectful interest. We feel the presence of a strange invisible power. A kind of majesty invests the man to which we pay instinctive deference. We know *there* is a being not to be trifled with. His very looks and manner are peculiar and impressive. Conscious dignity sits enthroned upon his manly brow, and all may read there, inscribed in bright and ineffaceable lines, *This is a man*. Now the respect of our fellow men is an object of laudable desire. It is through this that we gain their attention and exert an influence over them. And in vain we may hope to inspire genuine respect in the breasts of intelligent men in any other way than by the exhibition of native original power. We may flaunt in borrowed plumes, and assume the strut and air of the original owner. We may don the armor and gird on the sword of Saul, and stretch beyond our measure to make them seem natural to us. All will not do. The disguise will be pierced. An incongruous awkwardness, and feebleness in the management of our accoutrements, will make manifest the deception, and our names become a mock and a hissing. I

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know of nothing that renders an individual more truly contemptible than detection in an attempt to pass off another's production as his own.

We naturally pass to consider another result, which richly rewards the faithful exercise of our intellectual faculties:

The power it gives us over men.

The principle by which mind acts on mind is mysterious and inexplicable. The fact is obvious that the world is ruled by mental power. There are intellectual as well as physical forces. A strong mind coming in contact with a weaker will as naturally move it as a strong force in the material world will overcome a weaker. It is an old adage, passed into an unquestioned axiom, that "*knowledge is power.*" This is but a partial and imperfect expression of a great truth. Knowledge is not power unless it is wielded by an intelligent agent, who knows how to use and apply it. A man may have stuffed into his head the contents of the Bodleian library and his memory be the treasure house of all the facts in science, and yet comparatively a weak man, who may pass through the world and die, without permanently influencing or changing the course of any individual. A mere acquaintance with *facts*, however extensive, does not give power. It is the comprehension of *principles*, and the ability to apply them in the varied circumstances in which he may be placed, which make a strong man intellectually. Now a principle can not be apprehended, much less comprehended, without *thought*. We may confidently assert, then, that mental power is generated by hard thinking only; and he alone possesses it who has been accustomed to bring the powers of his understanding to bear with such intensity of heat upon the subjects submitted to their action as either to dissipate them in thin air, if they are intrinsically worthless, or to fuse them, and remold them into forms better suited to his purpose. Such a man will be strong in himself and his power over others irresistible. *Sibi ipsi stat.* While resisting or modifying all influences, however mighty

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and sweeping, coming in upon him from abroad, he sends out a strong and modifying influence over the excited elements raging around him. He is himself an original source of influence. He stands firmly fixed upon the adamantine rock of his own clear convictions, against which the turbulent waves of human opinion dash harmlessly, and break, and foam, and retire. But from this immovable stand he utters a voice which the elements hear and obey. Such a man, with respect to other men, is neither planetary nor reflective, but fixed and self-luminous. He pours a light abroad from the living fountains of his own intelligence. Who does not envy power like this? It is truly the only power worth desiring or possessing. What true dignity and sublimity encircles the brow of the mighty ruler of mind. Olympian Jove, shaking the material heavens and earth with his nod, and hurling his thunders upon the aghast and discomfited giants, does not, "with half that kindling majesty dilate our strong conception," as a simple man, with no outward ensigns of authority, swaying to and fro a vast multitude of intelligent minds by the breath of his lofty eloquence, and demolishing the citadels of error by the might of his irresistible logic.

I have perhaps occupied your attention sufficiently long, young gentlemen, in the discussion of our subject, though I can not but feel painfully conscious of great imperfection in the views exhibited. I shall now proceed to some practical suggestions by way of application. My subject, you will acknowledge, has special and intensive claims upon your personal regards. The general duty of *thinking*, imperative upon all rational beings, is greatly enhanced in your circumstances. The great end of your present course of training is to make you clear and powerful *thinkers*. Your destined office demands the highest powers of thought. The varied means used in your course, your different studies and diversified exercises, are all intended to contribute to this end. But you are to keep it continually impressed upon your minds that these means have no tendency to produce the desired result, except

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in conjunction with the vigorous exercise of your own faculties. In no case can they supersede the necessity of strenuous self-exertion. They are to operate as stimuli to your faculties, and as judicious helps in the great mental struggle in which you are, or ought to be, engaged. Considering, then, the work which each one of you has to do while in a course of training here, you will see the necessity of *throwing yourselves upon your own resources and relying upon your own exertions*. This of itself will give a spring to your faculties. If you trust your powers and give them fair scope to act, they will not ordinarily, if ever, fail you. You will find them competent to grapple with, and overcome, the most formidable difficulties you are called to encounter. You have frequent occasions doubtless, in the exercises of your society, of *trying* your powers. Your compositions, debates and speeches are admirably adapted to test your intellectual strength. Let them always be *tests*. That is, do the *best* you can, under the circumstances. Fix this as an invariable rule. Make your productions as nearly as possible the measure of your present capacity. I grant this matter is not always under our control. Our faculties are sometimes not completely at our command. Nevertheless, if this rule is adhered to, there will, in the main, be discovered evidences in our successive productions of the steady enlargement and increasing power of our capacities. Cultivate a mental intrepidity which rather seeks than declines occasions for the trial of your powers. Think it fortunate when you are pressed into crises where necessity is laid upon you to make an extraordinary effort. There is a native indolence in most minds—a *vis inertiae*—which is to be overcome before anything great can be accomplished. Put on the lash and thrust in the goad until the sluggish powers are fully aroused, and *then*—you may do almost what you please. In preparing to meet these crises, do not be frightened at the outset by seeming difficulties, however formidable, nor discouraged by futile endeavors at first to overcome them. You little know, young gentlemen, what you *can* do until you have

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put yourselves fairly to the proof. In your short experience in mental effort, I dare to say, you have been the subjects of strange and unexpected transitions from darkness to light and from weakness to strength, in which you seemed almost to lose your identity, and were surprised at your own achievements. Now these transitions are not accidental, nor effected by causes extraneous and independent of ourselves. They are the *natural* results of the internal workings of the faculties upon subjects suited to their functions. It is time to abandon the false and mischievous notions about the inspirations of *genius* and the propitious smiles of the *muse*, graciously vouchsafed to a few favorites. Genius and the muses are creatures of the imagination, and are harmless enough when confined to their original sphere; but when they are dignified into personal existences and represented as controlling the domain of thought — capriciously selecting a few peculiar favorites from the great mass of minds and consigning the rest to hopeless mediocrity — the indignant frowns of a sound philosophy should apply a corrective. I have no faith in the doctrine of the personality of genius. My philosophy teaches me that what is called genius is an extraordinary development of a single faculty or set of faculties; and is in many, perhaps in most, cases an evidence of disease or distortion in the mental constitution, and therefore something neither to be envied nor desired. Genius! Who wants more genius than he possesses in a mind of immortal and ever-growing capacities? Let him stir up its powers and set them energetically to work. It is this which marks a man as original and peculiar among his fellow men. It is not that he possesses faculties which others have not, and tendencies which do not belong to common humanity; but he has waked up his immortal energies, and they live and intensely act within him, and his whole intellectual and moral nature stands out in bold and glowing relief. He may be called original and eccentric and “a genius,” and be looked upon as something out of the ordinary course of nature, but all his originality and eccentricity may be owing

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to the fact that he does his *own* thinking. He forms his own opinions, and therefore they must be cast, whatever the material may be, in the peculiar mold of his own mind, and partake of all the peculiarities of that mold. If there was more deep and original thinking, there would be a greater number of *real* geniuses, of original and eccentric characters; or rather eccentricity would be seen to be a natural movement. We may rely upon it, it is this process which makes "Originals." We all might be original and peculiar if we would but take the pains to improve to the utmost the powers our Creator has given us. Trust not, then, to an imaginary phantom to breathe inspiration into your sluggish spirit, nor wait for the auspicious moment when some pitying muse, invoked from a distant sphere, shall descend and infuse life into our torpid faculties and kindle up the "glow of composition." If you have an exercise in composition to prepare, act upon the advice of the sage Dr. Johnson, "Set down *doggedly* to the work." I know of no certain way to bring on the "glow of composition" (which is indeed a most desirable state) but by the intense friction of great truths with our faculties. This will soon kindle up an internal fire that will send a warmth and glow through the entire system. It is this friction which causes the strange transitions in the mind, of which we have spoken. When we first address ourselves to the examination of a difficult subject, all may be dark as midnight, and we have no power to do anything with it. But by holding it steadily before the mind, pressing the faculties up to it and keeping up the friction, by and by a sort of electric power is generated, which emits blazing illuminations, dispelling the darkness, and elances a lightning energy, splitting into ribbons the knarled and refractory subject. Now the toil is over; henceforth all is enthusiastic play. The mind moves with freedom and majesty. The "hidings of its power" are disclosed. Bright and glorious thoughts come thronging round, attended by words, their obedient "servitors," all ready to robe them in appropriate attire. But how few ever attain to this state

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of mental elevation and power! And why? They give over too soon. The process is discontinued before the result is reached.

No unworthy insinuation is intended, young gentlemen, when I insist upon the importance of each one's productions being always peculiarly *his own*. Let them be exact transcripts of his mind — faithful reflections of *himself*. And here give me your attention to one or two remarks explanatory of the precise meaning which I attach to the word *originality*. By *original* thinking you have not, I presume, understood me to mean thinking what nobody thought before. There is very little of this sort of thinking in the world. And to strive after such originality is not even commendable. It is a fantastic and futile exercise of our faculties. If our own powers are faithfully exerted, we shall be original enough without intending it. The originality of a production, then, does not consist in its matter, or in the ideas which it contains. There are myriads of ideas which are as much common property as water or air; and we are not obliged to give account to any one of the manner in which we came by them. Nor does it consist in the words used. These are also common property. The originality is in the *manner* and style of the production. It is *original* if it comes from the natural source, in the natural way, *i. e.*, from the brain, by the process of excogitation, though it contain no idea, and no word that is not familiar to all. But a composition made in this way will, notwithstanding, be a peculiar one. It will be unlike every other. Many individuals, it has been justly observed, may have the same thought, but no two individuals can produce the same composition, unless one has copied from the other. The peculiarities of the thinking mind are transferred to its offspring, and distinguish it from that of every other mind. And this is what I mean by saying, let your productions be peculiarly your own. Let your ideas be evolved from your head by a natural, spontaneous process. It matters not how they came into your head, so that they are naturalized and are at home

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there. If they constitute a living part of your organized forces, you have an undoubted right to draw upon them to any extent. Let but the thread of your speculations issue as naturally from your brain as the spider's from his body, and you never will be obnoxious to the charge of plagiarism, though your speculations are neither new nor uncommon.

But how different from this is the mode by which some get up compositions and sermons. They go to books, and lectures, and speeches, and take a little from this author and a little from that, and some from one place and some from another, and bring together the "*dissecta membra*," and adjust and hook them together by particles and exclamations of their own, and flourish the incongruous compound as a veritable production of their own brain. I do not speak of those who are regular poachers, and make a business of appropriating other men's compositions by wholesale—a class which I do not believe has any representative among you, and for whose iniquities a civil statute ought to be "made and provided"—but of individuals of a less criminal character, who honestly think their practice admissible, and because they are at the pains to hunt up parts, and contribute out of their own small capital a sufficient amount of ingenuity to put them together in some tolerable order and constitute a whole, they have a rightful claim as authors. But what miserable and contemptible business is this! And how injurious and dishonorable to the noble native powers which each one possesses in himself! An individual addicted to this paltry practice makes no progress, gathers no energy, accumulates no resources. He may go forth and spread out his ill-gotten treasures and acquire perhaps a reputation for smartness among the unreading and undiscerning; but after all he is nothing more than a *cistern*, if not a broken one; for the contents which he has gathered from outward sources can all be exhausted and leave him empty and dry, and wholly unable from himself to replenish his stores. How different the man who has cultivated the

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power of original thought. He has a perennial well-spring within, whose supplies can never fail.

Suffer a word or two further on this subject. It is one of more than ordinary importance. I do not know whether there be in the Institution now any such sermon-mongers as I have described. I should hope not. But I know there have been, and I have marked the sad influence of their course. All original investigation was declined. Native powers of a very respectable order, which, if cultivated, would have made the possessor a man of no ordinary power, were suffered to remain folded up and inert. The good brother was busily engaged in getting up sermons to preach on Sabbaths to some church he was supplying, and he had no time to *think*. And having quite a reputation as a fluent, acceptable speaker, and being tolerably respectable in the recitation room (for a man with a good memory and some sprightliness may contrive to get along without absolute disgrace with his class, though he do not stir his faculties very deeply), he perhaps forgot that *thinking* was of any importance. So, when he approached the termination of his course and had to prepare a *commencement* exercise, when he was of necessity thrown upon his own resources, he exhibited painful and mortifying proof to his instructors of his inherent feebleness. He had lost the main benefits of his course. I have described the case of one individual, but only as the representative of a too numerous class. And what is the destiny of such a one in the great world? Truly a "wandering star," passing from church to church, and staying just long enough in a place to preach out his bundle of hashed-up sermons, and leaving no trace of himself behind.

I have enlarged the more upon this subject because there is a strong temptation, in this day of books, and pamphlets, and papers, and "skeletons," and all other kinds of "assistants," to decline the labor of excogitation, and resort to the more easy task of compilation. There are so many grand and beautiful thoughts elaborated in the workshops of other minds,

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scattered all along the thoroughfares of intellectual life, and so many vehicles in readiness to carry us, without self-exertion, on "flowery beds of ease," to almost any point we wish, it is hardly to be wondered at that so many refuse the drudgery of thinking, and choose rather to gather up the fine thoughts of others, so happily conceived and suited to their tastes, and to throw themselves upon the cushioned seats of the convenient vehicles, to bear them to their wished-for point of destination. It really requires very little thought to "get up" in this day a decent sort of a sermon, in the way I have described, and which, if spoken well, may awaken considerable interest, and procure for the speaker a pretty little reputation; and when there happens to be an unhappy combination of vanity and indolence in the character, there will be an irresistible propensity to repeat the questionable procedure, until it becomes a fixed and regular habit. But how wretchedly such an individual mistakes his true interest, whether his object is to improve himself, to benefit others, or to secure a solid reputation. He makes no real improvement, for although he may be continually transcribing, memorizing and mouthing the finest thoughts and expressions, they are never inwardly digested, and hence contribute nothing to his mental growth and vigor. He can not even understand the force and the point of the borrowed thoughts, of which he makes so liberal a use. How is this? you will ask. Surely he must understand what he selects, and arranges, and adapts to his purpose. No, he does not. He may indeed have some conception of the meaning, but it is never adequate, and is generally incorrect. It is a truth in the philosophy of mind that one mind can not fully comprehend the conceptions of another, unless it is in a state approximating to that in which the conceptions had birth. Indeed, the proposition may be stated in stronger terms: We can not thoroughly understand the meaning of an author unless we are able ourselves to *reproduce* his conceptions. This obviously requires a degree of mental effort, which the individual under consideration never puts forth. I have myself

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heard men preaching, when, notwithstanding their loud vociferations and energetic gesticulations, the vacant eye and blank countenance assured me that they did not know what they were talking about. It was all "bodily exercise which profiteth little." It is a grand mistake to suppose such preachers can effect any great and permanent good. They may awaken a considerable apparent interest, but it is superficial and transient. They never can reach the springs of human sympathies and produce radical changes in the characters of their hearers.

No, gentlemen, rest assured, you never can make deep and abiding impressions upon the minds of men without living, original power. Your "breathing thoughts" must come from their native home in the depths of the soul, clothing themselves with "burning words," as they pass forth to their high mission, if you would melt, and mold, and reform the hearts of your hearers. If your own minds and hearts are not intensely alive and active, you can have no sympathetic communication with your audience, and can produce in their minds no conviction, and awaken in their hearts no deep, thrilling and subduing emotions. And how precarious and worthless is the reputation resulting from the course of procedure on which we are animadverting. In this intelligent, reading age it is exceedingly difficult to escape detection in purloining another man's productions; and even when suspicion is awakened your frostwork reputation must fall before its breath. To be *suspected* in this matter is incompatible with any degree of cordial respect.

I need say no more to convince you how profitless and futile and hazardous in this way of making and preaching sermons. You will feel the importance of cherishing a keen sensitiveness on this subject, and avoid giving any real or apparent ground for the charge of unwarrantably appropriating the property of another. And here allow me to express a caution, that you do not, in your arrangements to supply churches, take upon yourselves labor disproportionate to your real ability. Do not engage to preach more sermons

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than you have time to *think out* and arrange. And if at any time you are heavily pressed, and can not provide beforehand, do not be tempted to *borrow*, but avail yourselves of what little resources you may have, and throw yourselves upon the gracious promises of the Spirit's aid. You doubtless have often found the largest liberty in such straits. But if otherwise, it is infinitely better to "*break down*" in these honest efforts to do the best you can than to go swimmingly and triumphantly through with a piece of heartless declamation. To fail sometimes in attempts to express your own thoughts and emotions is no discredit. The greatest men have done this. But if you determine that, in all cases, what you do say, whether it be little or much, shall be your own, your failures will not often occur. And if they did, the determination should be adhered to. Better "to speak five words with your understanding than ten thousand in an unknown tongue." In time the difficulties will be all surmounted, and you will stand forth a *conqueror* in the might of your *own* puissance.

And here I would make some suggestions in relation to the *proper* use of other men's productions; in other words, of Books. It is thought by many judicious persons that the great multiplicity of even good books is one of the evils of the times, so much time being taken up in reading little is left for digesting and ruminating. Without stopping to inquire into the justness of this opinion, we may safely assert that excessive and injudicious reading tends greatly to impair the power of thought. Still, I would be far from discouraging a reading spirit. We can not be men of extensive information without extensive reading. In respect to authors of great and acknowledged excellence, both ancient and modern, I would say to the student in the words of the Roman poet:

"Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

But with this counsel I would join the caution, beware *how* you read. Whether or not reading is to profit you must depend upon your mental state while reading. If your mind

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is not awake, and its faculties all alive and susceptible, your profit will be small. The mind should never be passive and listless in reading. If an author is worthy to be perused, active thought will be required to understand and profit by his instructions. We can not understand, as I have already shown, the thoughts of a deep thinker unless we think ourselves. Let the same profound attention be given in perusing an author as in listening to a living instructor. Reading after this manner will operate as a powerful stimulus to our faculties. The spirit of the author will be transfused into our own, and we shall glow with a kindred flame. His glorious thoughts transplanted to our minds will take root in a soil congenial and prepared, and grow as naturally and flourish as luxuriantly as in their native earth.

Let me give a hint here in reference to reading, in preparation for a public exercise. There is some difference of opinion touching the most judicious course to be pursued in this matter. Some advise the writing out of your own thoughts upon the subject of your exercise before you look into a book to see what others have thought and said about it, and that the object of your researches be simply to correct and modify your original views. It seems to me this is the extreme upon the other side. The first object is to *understand* your subject. In order to this, it is proper, and generally necessary, to look for light and instruction to the results of matured thought, treasured up in books. But there is danger of overdoing here. You may read too much, or too long, and so give yourselves too little time to make a practical application of the accumulated results of your reading, and to excogitate a train of original reflections. Always cease reading and investigation in time to give your own powers fair scope to act and to do themselves justice. And when you are ready to set in for serious thinking, let your books be laid *entirely* aside. Say to the authors you have been perusing, "Reverend gentlemen, I thank you for your suggestions; I will try to profit by them, but I must decline

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all further assistance from you. Please to stand out of the way."

There is another important topic germane to our subject, which I wish I had more time to discuss than is left me. It respects the propriety of selecting *models* for imitation. I speak with some diffidence upon this subject, because I differ somewhat from those in whose judgment I have great confidence, and I am aware my opinion may be regarded as a little on the extreme. Whatever advantages there may be in having such models (and I do not deny important advantages, especially if the models are of superior excellence), there is certainly a great hazard in it. Irreparable injury must always result from servile imitation, be the model never so excellent; for howsoever close the imitation of particular features, and faithful the transcript of the whole character, the ethereal spirit which animated the original, and gave to it its peculiar "form and pressure," and grace, is something not to be *imitated*. A faultless form without life—a beautiful statue—will be the highest possible excellence to be reached; while the more uniform result will be little faults *phantasmagorized* and great excellencies contracted to points. I seriously question the propriety of spending time in striving to do anything exactly and mechanically like another. It certainly is all wrong to do so in order to be *like* him. If he, in our view, does the particular thing about right, in conformity to great natural principles, let us intelligently mark *how* he does, and then set our awakened and active faculties to do it. The act is performed upon the just and safe principle that it is what nature and truth require.

It is unworthy, young gentlemen, of your own high and wonderful natures to desire to be axactly like any other created being above or below you. God has given to each one of you a peculiar configuration, and native peculiarities and tendencies, which constitute your *individuality*, and distinguish you from every other being in the universe. Now I entreat you, be true to this nature called *self*. Make it your

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great business to bring out, heighten and continually advance toward perfection its original features—preserve its tendencies in the direction the divine hand impressed upon them, and let the whole, by the ceaseless action of the living powers within, be developing, enlarging, rising, after the model of your creation in the eternal mind. Young gentlemen, reverence your individual natures. You have abundant reason to be satisfied with them. There is not a conceivable point in intellectual or moral elevation which, if you are true to these natures, they may not reach. Why should any of you wish to exchange his individuality for that of any other being? Why should he be willing that his original characteristics should be smoothed down and effaced by a foreign impress, however beautiful and perfect that impress may be? *No*, young gentlemen, I would rather be my original self than the *servile copy* of the most glorious being ever created; for if true to this self I know it will yet be “glorious, far above” the present “sphere” of that exalted being, and it is designed by its constitution to reflect the image of the eternal mind. How infinitely higher such destination than to reflect the image of any creature, however transcendent in glory! And then in my glorified *individuality* I would desire to stand out before the universe, that all might behold in it a distinct and peculiar specimen of the handiwork of the great Creator.

Take care, then, of your *original individual natures*. They are incomparably better for you than any imitations, however successful. I repeat in a peculiar and solemn sense, take care of *your own natures*. Make them as great and perfect and glorious as with their wonderful powers and the abundant means within your reach they may become; and let them stand out distinctly and boldly relieved from the great background of a common humanity. In closing, let me leave with you the solemn premonition, that without this inherent original force of mind, resulting from the severe and faithful exercise of your faculties, you can effect but little in the great world in this day of mental and moral commotion. When

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the waves of foreign influence shall be continually dashing against the citadel of your understanding, threatening utterly to demolish it, and sweep along the scattered fragments over the turbulent ocean of varying public opinion, the foundation needs be deep and strong and the structure like the "serge-repelling rock." While here, then, in a course of mental training, I entreat you, by severe thought and sober meditation, lay a foundation deep and broad and immovable, of well-digested and well-understood *principles*.

I have addressed you, gentlemen, in the foregoing remarks, merely as intellectual beings; I need not add, I have taken it for granted that all your intellectual treasures will be laid upon the altar of God, and your power of thought be consecrated to the defense and illustration of His truth. And next to a holy heart, you can not lay upon that altar a nobler offering than an enlightened, well-disciplined and powerful intellect.

THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS IN INTEL- LECTUAL EFFORT.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF
UNION UNIVERSITY AT MURFREESBORO, TENN., IN 1859.

Gentlemen of the Literary Societies of Union University:

I account it among the peculiar felicities of a life not now young that, through your courtesy and by the kind providence of God, I am permitted to stand in this place and address you on this occasion. I am happy in having the opportunity to reciprocate the favor done to the institution with which I am connected by the honored head of your flourishing University a few years since, and to gratify a personal affection which is among the deepest and most abiding of my nature. I am conscious, however, of higher motives in the performance of the present service than those which pertain to personal considerations. I have fondly cherished the patriotic hope that by a friendly visit to your region, and by the service I am to perform, I may perchance add a little strength, even if it be but to a single link of the mighty chain which encircles and binds together our glorious *Union*. I love and prize the Union of these States beyond the power of language to express. In its perpetuity and in an enlightened and cordial appreciation of its inestimable value on the part of its several members, I see a national advancement, glory and happiness—an inexhaustible source of political and social blessings for our country and the world, beyond the statesman's mind in its widest conceptions adequately to comprehend, the orator's tongue in its grandest utterances to express, or the poet's pencil, though charged with "colors dipt in heaven," to delineate. In its angry disruption, I can descry naught but scenes from the contemplation of which the imagination

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recoils with indescribable horror. Among the means which may be made available to strengthen the bonds of this Union I deem the fraternal intercourse, the reciprocation of kindred services, the mutual exchange of intellectual treasures, and the cordial courtesies and amenities of high culture between those having in charge our higher institutions of learning, as not among the least potent and efficient. Those institutions are great centers of a wide, permeating and molding, intellectual, moral and social influence. To them we are mainly to look for the production of minds of broad, generous and varied culture, of large and many-sided sympathies, exalted and directed by sound moral and religious principles, qualifying them to take comprehensive, just and discriminating views of the diversified phases and conditions of society, and of the influences, permanent and transient, healthy and morbid, which lie back of and give rise to these, and to form correct moral judgments and rational conclusions adapted for safe practical applications in extinguishing the *evil*, whether of oppression or anarchy, and conserving the *good*, whether of liberty or order, in a complicated system of civil polity; and while true to his own honest convictions in a firm and consistent adherence, and in a fearless but courteous expression, knowing still how to respect and properly appreciate opposing convictions, equally honest, of others differently situated, politically and socially. In proportion to the right culture the mind receives, the more multiplied are its points of sympathy with other minds, and with the common mind of society at large, and hence the more competent it is to judge with candor and impartiality, and to act with discretion and safety, in respect to the diversities of human opinion and the varying social peculiarities, caused by different social institutions and conditions. Now, almost without exception, those who are recklessly and treasonably tugging at the pillars of the magnificent temple of our Union, whether upon the north or the south side (for they are at work upon both sides, and

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the temper and conduct of both parties are equally to be reprobated and opposed), are men of *imperfect culture*, and, hence, of *narrow* minds, of contracted and exclusive sympathies, of strong and violent prejudices (all the more strong and violent for the confined channel in which they run, babbling, dashing, chafing, fretting and foaming along) and so mentally and morally incapacitated to grasp and rightly apprehend the several elements of great and complicated questions, involving the proper adjustment and resulting harmony of diverse interests and antagonistic social forces, covered and protected alike by the broad ægis of our national constitution, and of shaping and directing their political and social action, so as to strengthen and maintain this adjustment and harmony. If the different portions of our widely-extended country are to live in union and peace under a common political constitution, they must understand and respect the peculiar views and interests of each other, and while each is left to take care of and manage its own concerns, there must be a *mutual* seeking for the right adjustment of conflicting interests, and for the general good of the whole. All are mutually dependent upon, and necessary, the one to the other. All are equally interested in maintaining, in its integrity, the matchless constitution our fathers bequeathed to us—the richest inheritance ever left to a people by an ancestry, boundless in the wealth of wisdom and in the virtues of patriotism. For the preservation and consolidation of our nation against the fratricidal efforts of narrow-minded and violently-prejudiced *disunionists*, North and South, let us avail ourselves of the mighty influences emanating from our universities and colleges in both sections—let there be a free, constant and magnanimous intercourse between the cultivated, comprehensive and patriotic minds controlling and going forth from these institutions, so that there may be formed a vast web-work of these influences extending over the whole land, suppressing or rendering abortive all profane

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assaults upon the sacred temple of our Union. With these introductory remarks, I pass to the special object of my discourse.

The subject I have chosen for the present discussion is:

“THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS IN INTELLECTUAL EFFORT.”

In discussing the subject proposed, I shall aim mainly at the *practical* and the *useful*. I shall neither let down my plummet into the abyss of the profound, nor attempt to scale the heights of the transcendental, but shall keep within the limits and along the level of homely and tangible reality. It were a frivolous errand, unworthy of the speaker and unjust to you, that he should have come away from his distant home at your courteous invitation for the purpose of merely delectating your intellects with speculations, whether recondite or lofty, which had no perceptible bearing upon the stern realities and serious duties of earnest every-day life. And more exceptionable still were he to spend the hour allotted to this service in depicting rainbow hues, however gorgeous and dazzling, upon the feathery spray and unsubstantial mists raised by the sports of fancy upon the surface of thought. No, whether I succeed or not, my honest purpose is to drop into your minds words of familiar counsel that may serve as available capital to you in the great practical economies of a solemn and responsible agency.

The subject, gentlemen, named, is one eminently of practical and personal interest to you all. You belong to that portion of mankind whose main business in life is to benefit others by *intellectual* effort; to shed abroad the light of mind, to instruct, to inform, to guide, to exalt others, who will look to you as living fountains of mental and moral effulgence. If faithful to your calling, your whole life must be a series of intellectual efforts. Surely, then, the consideration of the conditions of success in his high sphere of action is pre-eminently proper and pertinent to this occasion. A word of definition **here** may serve as a beam of light to aid in the

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appreciation of the point and force of subsequent remarks. I call *that* a successful *intellectual* effort, where light and power are evolved by the working mind, so as to irradiate and move other minds. However intense the mental action may be, if no illuminations are emitted, and no active force is generated, affecting the mass of mind with which the individual mind so acting is in contact, there is no real success. There may be much action and movement where the result is nothing but smoke and dust, that only blinds and perplexes.

There is what may be termed a *law of success* in every department of action—certain *conditions* growing out of the very constitution of things, which must be recognized and observed, or all effort is fruitless, or fails of its appropriate end. And this law—these conditions—is something quite different from the acting power itself. All agencies, both in the world of matter and of mind, act according to established laws, the disregard of which frustrates the purpose intended, and results in a waste of energy, or, what is worse, serious disaster. Illustrations of this fact may be abundantly gathered from the material world around us. Power acting lawlessly and at random is always useless or destructive. It is indeed a prime and essential element of efficiency, without which the law of its action is nothing. All conditions are a nullity, of course, without the living energy whose actions are to be regulated and controlled, and modified by them. Combine the power and the law, the agent and the conditions, and you secure the desired efficiency. Mere power, acting blindly, is not efficiency. Old Polyphemus retained all his power after his central orb of vision was extinguished, but its exertion was laughably futile. The wonderful results of modern civilization will be found to be the product of agencies acting under *specific conditions*, without the observance of which no result would have been realized. The power of steam has existed in the world ever since fire and water were brought into contact. But for nearly six thousand

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years it was a useless or destructive agent, until by the genius of man it was subjected to certain conditions, and lo! it forthwith became the master-agency in pushing on the conquests of modern civilization. Other examples will readily occur to your minds. Now, these examples from the material world would have their counterparts in the world of mind. The agencies of mind are as much under law as the agencies of matter; and effective and beneficent action is as much dependent on conditions in the one case as in the other. We take it as a moral postulatam that every intelligent and responsible agent is in duty bound to accomplish all the useful results which the measure of his intellectual capacity and his opportunities and circumstances give him ability to perform. As a matter of fact, however, we find that the results accomplished by different individuals bear no proportion to the comparative measure of their intellectual power, or their opportunities for its effective exertion. Some individuals, confessedly of uncommon intellectual ability, and of large opportunities, accomplish little or nothing of permanent value during a long life. Their reputation stands upon the mere possession of power, exhibitions of which they have made in some isolated cases. Others, on the contrary, far less gifted perhaps of mediocre capacity, have strown their way with the richest blessings to their fellow men, blessings flowing directly from effective and beneficent mental exertion, put forth to the full extent of their moderate abilities. Now, excluding from our consideration the *morally* delinquent—those who are too lazy or sensual to make use of their power, and those who waste it upon trifles or selfish interests—we may still find a wide difference in actual results among those equally well intentioned. Here, too, the results are by no means in proportion to respective ability. Not a few of acknowledged power, original and acquired, spend their lives in comparative inefficiency. They have good purposes, and are always busy and *trying* to do something, but they somehow fail to make any decisive and permanent impression. They do not hit

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right, nay, they do not *hit* at all. They beat the air and exhaust their energies in fruitless efforts; they enlighten nobody; they arouse nobody; they give no impulse to any living thing. Others, again, no better endowed, have the happy faculty of making every effort tell; they seem always to do the *right* thing at the *right* time, and in the *right* way; and so the very most is made of the power they possess—no energy is dissipated on vacancy, every blow reaches the mark aimed at, and expends its full force upon that *very* spot. Some mind is enlightened, instructed and moved in the right direction. Now, in these latter cases, the difference of results is due mainly to the fact that in one case the conditions of success are apprehended and observed—in the other they are overlooked and disregarded.

With these preliminary observations we advance directly to the investigation of the conditions of success in intellectual effort.

In order to give the highest practical effect to what I shall say, I will descend from the region of generalities and deal with particular cases. Allow me, young gentlemen, if you please, to be familiar and somewhat personal. Let me *use* you *individually*, and suppose that one of you—any of you—is called upon on some fitting occasion to put forth a more than ordinary intellectual effort. You wish to do your very best, to come up to the full measure of your capacity, or, it may be, to stretch beyond your measure—to transcend yourself. What are the conditions to be observed in order to realize the highest degree of success? What constitutes the “staff of accomplishment”? I shall take it for granted that you already possess the requisite of power, whether latent or more or less developed; you all have *mind* with its immortal and exhaustless energies. You have the *vivida vis animi*—the glowing fire of intellectual life—the original source of all mental emanations. This is the endowment of the author of your being who made you rational intelligences. There can, of course, be no compensation or substitute for its absence.

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Without it, a man is an idiot or a mere animal. And this endowment, I hold, is distributed more equally than actual manifestations indicate. Every man who is not a natural fool has mind enough not only to make a considerable noise in the world, but to make his power felt and respected in the domains of intelligence. Your minds, too, have been considerably informed and disciplined. Your original power has received accessions of strength from knowledge and discipline. You are not unaccustomed to the use of your mental faculties. You have therefore *available* power and resources, and our present business is to enquire *how* you can make the *best* use of your power in its practical applications. Let us recur to the individual case: you are called upon for a specific effort, for example, to prepare an oration, address or essay. The first thing I shall name among the conditions of success, not, however, as the most important, is the *choice of a subject*. This is, of course, the first thing to which attention is to be directed. It is idle to talk about the success of an effort without taking into account the subject or object on which it is to be expended. But what is a *proper subject*? It is by no means necessary that it should be *novel*, or one that has been rarely discussed. Novelty, so far from being a recommendation, may be a good reason for rejection. I have been amused with the anxiety manifested by some students under appointment for a public effort, either during their course or at their graduation, to get a subject quite out of the old beaten tracks of discussion. They were concerned to get hold of something very *original*, and which had not been discovered by any of their predecessors, or been the theme on similar occasions. They had a great horror for hackneyed and threadbare subjects. Now, this feeling is not altogether unreasonable, but it has less real ground than you are probably aware of. No subject involving important truth can be exhausted by the human mind, however vast its powers. Every truth is many sided and has countless relations to other truths, and to the whole universe of truth. Taking your position

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upon one truth, you will find it a center of measureless circumference from which you may look out over an illimitable prospect, crowded and glorious with other luminous and radiating centers with which yours is connected, and with whose rays those of yours are blended, and constitute a part of the common effulgence. You may take your center as a starting point, and by lines of relation travel on from truth to truth, until you reach the "flaming bounds of the universe"; or you may rise upward, and by the successive rounds of the golden ladder connecting earth and heaven, ascend to the High Æmpyrean where *He* resides, out of the eternal and fathomless depths of whose infinite perfection flows all truth and goodness and beauty and bliss. One truth is seen to be connected with all other truths, on every side of it. The vast universe of truth is *one*, consistent and harmonious throughout, in which are mirrored the uncreated perfections of the eternal Godhead. You have no need to avoid a *common* subject through fear that it has been exhausted by other minds, and that nothing new or original can be said of it. The very fact of bringing the peculiarities of your own mind in contact with it may give rise to new and peculiar combinations of power and beauty before unknown. Each individual mind has a configuration and distinctive peculiarities of its own, which make it specifically different from every other mind, and the light of truth, though the same everywhere, falling upon it, is decomposed and reflected in forms corresponding to the peculiar constitution and features of the individual mind imbibing it. Just as in nature, the light of the sun is reflected in peculiar hues from the different objects on which it falls according to their respective nature and interior conditions, and these hues are susceptible of endless varieties.

What an eminent writer says of the elementary principle of faith we may apply to the point under consideration. "Faith," says he, "receives an enrichment, a diversity of color and an individual form, from the peculiarities of the mind wherein it lodges. Shall we say that as when the pure

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splendor of the sun falls on the unequal prism of crystal, it undergoes decomposition, and while losing a portion of its intensity yet throws off its several elements of beauty—its seven colors that diversify all the face of nature—so when the brightness of the divine glory and the unsullied beams of eternal life come in upon the soul and are there imbibed, the finite substance with its limitation of faculty, its personal figure, its individual constitution, imparts diversity to the celestial element, and gives birth to new and special forms of emotion.” You may be sure, therefore, that when an original and active mind takes hold of a subject, however common and trite, there will be something new and peculiarly interesting elicited; some new aspect, some undetected relation is brought out, or there is something in the manner and mode of the thought and expression which invests the whole subject with fresh interest. Old Horace says in his “*Ars Poetica*” that it is the province of genius to invest a trite topic with the charms of novelty. Coleridge takes up and expands the idea, and asserts that “in philosophy equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstances of their universal admission.” We would extend the idea still further, and say that it is the prerogative of every thinking, independent mind, whether or not endowed with that mysterious, indefinable something called *genius*, to invest every subject it handles with a new and special interest. The interest lies in the peculiar nature of the product resulting from the combination of the ethereal intellectual spirit of the mind, with the subject with which it has come into coëxistence. The mind, by the subtle process of thought, has given something of its own configuration and hue to the subject, and, therefore, it seems really new, though treated and discussed a thousand times by other minds. I dare to say, your own experience, short as it may be, can verify this

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statement. You have doubtless listened to, or read, expositions of the commonest subjects—those which lie upon the very surface of things and are patent to the observations and familiar to the thoughts of every-day life—which present them in new lights and open new views, imparting to them a beauty, charm and fascination far beyond the interest of mere novelty. In your delightful surprise, you exclaim, “Why, as familiar as the subject has been to me, I never thought of it in this light before! It has a beauty and a richness which I had not dreamed it possessed.” This new interest has been given to it by the mind dealing with it in its own original and peculiar way. The only reason why any subject becomes trite and commonplace is, that there are so many minds that do not think at all, which slavishly follow in its treatment, in the track of some original and vigorous mind that has ably discussed and felicitously illustrated it, and to their limited apprehension seems to have exhausted it, and so left them nothing to do but to pick up and flourish and present in the same form *its* thoughts and illustrations. Abandon, then, gentlemen, this unnecessary hunting after novel and out-of-the-way subjects. The qualities which recommend a subject to your choice are of a very different kind. It should, first of all, be one of real and intrinsic *importance*, involving some valuable truth, the discussion and elucidation of which may be available for the instruction, illumination and moral guidance of those to be addressed. Waste not your efforts upon trivial and unpractical themes. In short, let the nature of the subject be worthy of the best efforts of an immortal mind, allied by its spirituality and eternity to angelic natures, and to God Himself; and whose powers shall expand and progress until it reaches the stature of the tallest archangel in the Hierarchy of Heaven.

2nd. The subject chosen should be *adapted* to the character and constitutional tendency of your mind. This proposition needs some explanation, and its importance will justify

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extended remark. *Adaptation* is an essential condition of success in any sphere of action. The *want* of it frustrates the end proposed, however powerful the agency applied to effect it. But what do we mean by the *adaptation* of a subject to the character of the mind? We have no reference here to the caliber or capacity of the mind itself, and, hence, mean not to intimate that a *little* mind should choose a *little* subject, and a *great* mind a *great* one. In the great domain of truth there are no little subjects. I care not how great the subject on which any mind chooses to make an effort; if there are important aspects or relations of the subject which it can apprehend and intelligibly present to others, *that* is a reason for choosing it, though there may be heights and depths which it can neither scale nor fathom. There are many subjects which have *familiar* aspects to us, and in numerous points touch our dearest interests, whose magnitude and vastness the intellect of Gabriel can not grasp and comprehend. "*God is love*" is a theme invested with the profoundest and tenderest interest to us, and we can comprehend many of its interesting relations; but it is as vast as the universe on which it is expended, and as fathomless and incomprehensible as the nature of God. I am not disposed to warn any of you, whatever may be the measure of your capacity, against *great* subjects. If a subject is quite beyond the range of your faculties, or your knowledge is not sufficient to enable you to apprehend any of its elements or real aspects, *that* is another thing. It is to be rejected in this case, on account of its *unfamiliarity*, and not its greatness. But to proceed with the explication of our meaning of *adaptation*. Every mind, doubtless, has its *peculiar* gift or endowment by nature. There is a character and tendency which is original—constitutionally impressed by the finger of the Creator on the embryo mind; and this peculiarity, if the mind is allowed to be developed naturally, very soon manifests itself, it may be, in the strength and activity of the *reasoning* faculty, or in the

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vigor and vividness of the *imagination*, or in some other power. Now, while we would strenuously maintain the importance of the cultivation and development of *all* the powers of the intellect, we would as earnestly recommend that the main intellectual efforts of each mind should proceed along the line of its native tendencies. The highest success can only be reached by observing this condition. That is what I mean by *adaptation*, in the connection now under consideration. If a young man should come to me for a subject, who had the reasoning faculty large and active, and was deficient in imagination, I should not think of suggesting to him a highly *poetical* theme, unless I wickedly wished him to make a miserable failure. There are a few highly and universally gifted minds that are capable of achieving success in every department of intellectual effort, but these are exceptions to the general allotment. He who has the reasoning faculty in strength and prominence should select a subject on which his logic may be displayed to the best advantage, and leave illustration and embellishment to others; and let him, on the other hand, whose imaginative power is large, expend his chief intellectual efforts in the appropriate exercises of illustration, persuasion and enforcement, by living and impressive exemplifications. But some one may say, "I do not know yet what my mental characteristics and tendencies are, and how can I judge of the adaptation of which you speak," "*Nothi se auton*," "Know thyself," is one of the first duties of an intelligent being after attaining to the power of reflection, and as the acquisition of this self-knowledge is a duty, it is within the reach of all. In regard to the specific point before us, there are some tests of adaptation, one or two of which I will suggest. If the subject be really suggestive to your mind— if it easily starts trains of thought when brought into contact with your faculties, and, further, if it interests your feelings—if you find your mind *spontaneously* rising to meet it, or instinctively opening and ex-

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panding on its distinct presentation, as the flower opens and unfolds itself to the magic rays of the morning sun, you have good evidence of *adaptation*, and a reason for your choice. You may be assured that your effort upon such a subject will not be lost. But, again, your subject must not only be adapted to your own mind, but also to the auditory you address, otherwise your effort will be wasted; for recurring to our definition of a *successful* intellectual effort, it is seen to relate especially to its practical effect upon minds addressed. The adaptation, however, in this case, is of a different kind from the former. It consists in the ability to *understand* and *appreciate* the effort rather than in the power to make it. There are many capable of admiring and feeling the force of high intellectual excellence, who can by no means produce it. But this admiration and sympathy can never be awakened by a subject, however appropriately treated, which is altogether beyond the range of the thoughts and interests of those to whom it is presented. He who should take as a theme for a discourse to a company of plain farmers, or illiterate laborers, an abstruse and knotty question on science or metaphysics might as well talk to them in Greek as in English, and however masterly and profound his disquisition, he would enlighten and impress no one; his effort would be "wasted on the desert air." Choose, then, your subject with special reference to its adaptation in the sense explained, to your auditory, and you have complied with another *condition* of success.

There is still another kind of *adaptation* of higher range and wider scope. It is that which respects the relation of the subject to the state and prevalent tone of the minds of the community at large. If this relation be such as to secure the ready and earnest attention of the popular mind, and especially if the subject from existing circumstances takes strong hold of the interests and feelings of intelligent masses, a rare opportunity is furnished for an outlay of intellectual capital which, if sagaciously and judiciously applied, will yield a rich

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revenue of substantial good and enduring fame. The great poet of human nature has said:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

So it may with equal truth be said "there is a tide" in the sentiments and feelings of communities and nations, which taken at the flood leads on to fame and power. The great popularity and commanding influence of some authors and public speakers are really owing less to the originality and intrinsic worth of their productions than to their felicitous adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of the times, and the consequent attitude and temper of the public mind. They have had the sagacity to discern the particular wants, tastes and sympathies, intellectual, moral and social, of the class they address, and have happily met the existing demand and a universal and hearty response has been returned to their sentiments, suggestions and appeals, and in consequence they have become *famous*, and are looked up to as the lights of the age. There might have been tenfold more of real power of intellect and the results of exhausting thought in their productions, yet had they been wanting in the quality of adaptation to a present felt want in those addressed, they would have fallen comparatively powerless upon their minds, and they themselves in danger of being voted "*bored*." So much is depending upon the high order of adaptation now under consideration, I must interpose a word of discrimination, lest a false impression may haply rest upon your minds as to the precise scope of my meaning. The subject may be viewed in different lights, greatly changing its moral aspects. Authors and speakers sometimes become popular favorites by successfully adapting themselves to the superficial and temporary views, the unreasoning prejudices, selfish interests and wrong tastes and tendencies of the masses. Shrewdly discerning these, and ambitious of personal popularity for the subservience of selfish ends, they set themselves to the work of

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catering for the popular gratification, and a certain kind of smartness enables them to succeed according to their low and sordid wishes. I trust it is quite superfluous for me to say that I would not, by the most remote implication, be understood as including this sort of unworthy proceeding in my view of the topic now urged upon your attention. Popularity so acquired is a very mean and perilous acquisition. It must be transient and meteor-like at best, but being secured at the positive moral damage of the community, sooner or later perceived by them, their plaudits are changed into execrations, and the throne of their idol being consumed by the flame of their indignation, nothing is left him but the black and acrid ashes of shame and contempt. No, my aim has a high moral import. I am trying to teach you how you may best succeed in making deep and permanent moral impressions for good on a large scale, and so achieve an honorable fame. For this purpose you must be able to command the respectful and serious attention of the great public, not more by the intrinsic value of your suggestions than by their *appropriateness* to the better convictions and deep-felt wants which at the time possess and agitate that public. The topic in this high moral view admits of rich and varied illustration, but we have no time to do it justice. A thought or two further and we must pass on. By the operation of moral and social causes, concealed and noiseless it may be for some time, society, scarcely knowing why, is brought into a state of unusual ferment. The great sea of the public mind begins to heave and undulate, and its agitated surface is easily raised into angry billows by the winds of ill-directed and excited discussion. Contrary currents of prejudice and passion meet and dash against each other, raging, breaking and foaming in wild confusion. Floating and conflicting sentiments, half-formed and fragmentary conceptions, strong but vague apprehensions of some disastrous development, and an earnest but blind feeling after some great principles of right, stability and potency to control and calm the perilous agitation, mark the unsettled condition of

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the general mind. Now, let some mind, with the adequate comprehension, wisdom and power, look calmly over the scene of general perplexity, and by a grand and mighty effort seize upon the points of real difficulty, give fixedness, form and expression to the better sentiments and convictions of the great majority, bring forth, embody and enunciate in clear, intelligible and impressive forms the great principles applicable to the right solution of the complicated social problem, and point out the proper methods to a safe return to order, harmony and peace. This would be a grand illustration of the topic in one important moral sense. In the history of communities, as well as of individuals, there are occurring ever and anon what are termed *crises*—particular junctures of circumstances, when the course of affairs can proceed no further as formerly—when a *new* order of things must be inaugurated if we hope to conserve the good of the past and insure desirable results in the future, and when the great question of the future weal or woe of society hangs upon the decision of the hour. The man who knows how to meet the exigency—who can speak the fitting and potential word that resolves the momentous question, eliminates the elements of a right decision, and gives the proper direction to the whole train of new and grander developments—becomes a great public benefactor, and his name is justly enrolled on the scroll of immortal fame.

We may take a less intensive and more common view of the matter. Providential events of marked character may so affect the public mind as to render it highly impressible to serious views, just sentiments and salutary admonitions. The mass of the community is softened and mobile, and is ready to receive whatever impression and impulses a wise and great mind may choose to give it. Here is an opportune occasion for an illustration of the moral aspects of our present topic of quite common occurrence. Such occasions should be watched for and seized by all who desire to make the most of their mental efforts in effecting permanent benefit to their

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fellow men. The effects will not be temporary, though adjusted to a present and passing state of circumstances. *Real* good done to society within the sphere of our personal influence spreads itself by a law of diffusion, and is perpetuated by historic succession from generation to generation. It is a great distinction to attain by a knowledge of the wants and spirit of the times, and by the adaptation of our efforts to present demands, to the dignity of an acknowledged *organ* and *representative* of the age in which we live. But there is a still higher distinction within the reach of human capacity. It awaits him who, with a comprehensive understanding of the present, and holding himself in living sympathy with it, is able to horoscope the *future*, and lead on his generation in the shining way of ever-progressive improvement in all that enriches the condition, adorns the character and fits for a glorious immortality, rational and responsible beings. He is the *prophet-leader* of the race. Let not your ambition, young gentlemen, fall below this glorious eminence. The higher your aim, the higher you will rise by well-directed and continuous effort. Let us return to the path of sober discussion. Having selected your theme with the recommendations specified, now what is to be done? Why, the *main* thing, the *power* is to be applied which is to *accomplish* the object. Now the *crisis* comes. Gird up the energies, and walk right up to your subject. Do not be afraid of it; grapple with it in good earnest; nay, lovingly embrace it and press it toward your mind's center. Resolutely exclude all other subjects not obviously related to it. Give yourself wholly to it, *totus in hoc*. Make it your intellectual companion by day and by night—in the reveries of waking, and in the dreams of sleeping. Withdraw yourself for the time being from all other mistresses of your affections of more palpable and fleshly mold. Marry, if I may so speak, you mind and your subject, and make it part and parcel of your intellectual life and being. This blending of your mind and subject is a prime condition of the highest success. If you would make the true fire fly,

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if you would kindle a blaze that illumines without bewildering, if you would shake the lightning from the cloudy folds of your intellect, there must be this close juxtaposition, this living contact and subtle infusion and permeation of your subject with your faculties. When they are thus put in communication, thought will be generated by the natural operation of the established laws of mind. The faculties will be aroused and concentrated, and their functions vigorously discharged. A great and continued effort is ordinarily required to hold an important subject steadily to the mind. Energy and persistence of *will* are especially demanded here at the outset. Imbecility and fickleness of will have often prevented the successful action of the finest powers of genius. Take hold of your subject with the unrelaxing grasp of an indomitable will, and resolve, come what may, you will make something out of it worthy of attention. We have not only need to exclude all other topics, but the external world, to go *alone* to some retired nook, to shut away the light from *without*, that a more brilliant light may be kindled *within*, by the introverted action of your mental powers. If you keep this steady hold of your subject so that you can contemplate it on all sides, you may calmly and confidently await the result of the living processes which will be set to work. This repose of the spirit (if I may be indulged in an apparent solecism) over the scene of the active elaborations of thought, is itself a condition of success. There are some, while making a more than ordinary effort, so full of anxieties, fears and agitations that the natural action of their powers is disturbed and frustrated. Others, again, under the impression that the result depends upon the dint of hard thinking, lose all their labor by *disregarding the laws of thought*. They go with might and main *directly* at the hard subject, and beat their brains against it until they become almost fools, and produce nothing to the purpose. Now, thought does not come by *direct* effort to produce it. You can not by a direct volition bring a single idea into being. The province of the

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will lies back of the region of ideas. Bring the subject by the power of attention (which is subject to the will) into the close contact of which we have spoken with the intellect. Rouse the faculties by the magic embrace and then they go bravely on, doing their glorious work according to the law of association. One thought gives rise to a second, and that to a third, and so on *ad infinitum*. On the practical treatment of your subject I hardly need to say that the *first* inquiry is, what is its prime *significancy*? You must have intelligent views, clear and consistent conceptions, or you will talk or write nonsense. As far as you can *understand* your subject, aim to understand it rightly and clearly, and let your highest ambition be to utter *good sense*. Discard the foolish wish to be profound or brilliant. Do not *try* to soar. If you imbibe the divine afflatus in the natural order of an intellectual process, you will find yourself rising fast enough by the glowing energy within, and you will have strength enough to bear up your readers or hearers with you.

The next condition of success of which I shall speak relates to your style or modes of expression. Having attained to a just and clear understanding of your subject, or those aspects of it which you are able to comprehend, and having produced an accumulation of proper conceptions and ideas in relation to it, the next thing of importance is the *medium* through which you are to convey your knowledge and treasure to other minds. I assume it to be a law with rare exceptions that distinct and clear conceptions will clothe themselves with definite and perspicuous phraseology. There seems to be really a natural and vital connection between thought and language. Without entering here into the metaphysical controversy, in regard to the question whether it be possible to think *without words*, I can not doubt that thought naturally seeks to find utterance in appropriate words. The idea rising in the mind seems to be instinct with life and spontaneously seeks after the medium of outward manifestation. If this theory is in the fullest extent true, we might safely leave the

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mode of expression—the language and style—to follow as a consequence of the thinking process, and confine our directions and instructions to the science and art of correct thinking, being assured that if we can make the intellect think rightly, strongly and clearly, it will find for itself fitting modes of manifestation. Practically, however, the theory does not always hold good. We meet sometimes with poor thoughts clothed in undeservedly good style, and good thoughts in mean attire. Language and style are therefore made in our books of instruction distinct and separate subjects of consideration, and we are taught to divide our attention between the thought and the expression, and to establish the right relation between them. As language is the medium of the thought, it is obviously important in order to give the highest power of impression to the latter that the former should be made as clear as possible. It should exhibit the thought in its real form and just proportions, without obscuration or distortion. *This* is the principal direction I have to give as to style, and its observance I hold to be a highly-important condition of success in intellectual effort. The office of language is not to *conceal*, as the cunning Talleyrand asserted, but to *utter* in the clearest and most forcible manner the *thought* within us. It is the main means in reaching and affecting other minds. In giving expression to your conceptions follow this rule: use the *word* which most exactly and impressively sets forth the conception in your mind. If you wish to embellish, do it *after* this paramount end has been secured, and so as to enhance and not diminish the effect. Use no words *at random* or without a reason *why* the particular word you have selected should be the one and not another, and let every word be significant and loaded with thought. In fine, do justice to your thought, in the dress you give it. And here let me entreat you as you value and desire to secure intellectual power, eschew the silly *penchant* for what is called *fine writing*. I have come almost to loathe the very expression—"fine writing." If you bend your energies to this

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pursuit, you will in the end have thought *fine* enough in a different sense of the epithet. It will be *so* fine that nobody can see or feel it. I do not mean by this to depreciate proper attention to the elegancies and beauties of style. No one enjoys a truly elegant and beautiful style more than I do, but I hold that style is truly so only as it presents in a striking light the elegance and beauty of the thought of which it is a medium, so perfect as not to be itself noticed. I can not forbear here to express my conviction of the inutility of devoting much time *directly* to the study and improvement of style. In the general study of the classics, ancient and modern, by which I mean the best works in ancient and modern literature, we learn the force and beauty of words and phrases, but it is in *immediate* connection with the living thought enshrined in them; and when we begin to think for ourselves, we readily appropriate without study kindred forms of expression. I can not but believe that there is much truth, after all, in the theory already alluded to, that original living thought instinctively appropriates fitting modes of utterance. In the writings of great and original geniuses we may distinguish a singular and striking *conformity* and *adaptation* of the words to the ideas. The *words* seem to be the *very form*—the embodiment of the idea which is the animating life, glowing through and illuminating it with its living light. The very words are *alive* and *luminous*, and so intimately blended with the ideas that you can not change them for others without affecting the peculiar force and beauty of the meaning. They are not intended to be separated any more than the *spirit* and the body, which is its palpable impersonation. Now, I believe the same effect will be realized to a greater or less degree in every case where there is original spontaneous out-gushing, strong, full and clear thought. It will seek for itself the best modes of manifestation. A strong and clear conception will disdain and repudiate a feeble and bungling mode of utterance. It will demand the *trumpet-word* that gives a “*certain sound*” and

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a clear *ring*. If, then, you would attain to a vigorous, felicitous and effective style, let your chief concernment be directed to the elaboration of original, distinct and perfectly-formed ideas. If you succeed in this, I will go security for your *style*—your thoughts will come forth to view, out of your laboring mind, all perfect in outward form, as Venus arising from the ocean's spray, in the majesty of power, and in the radiance of beauty.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

The conditions which I have named thus far are purely *intellectual*, i. e., they depend upon the nature and constitution of the mind itself. But we are not all *intellect*; there are other parts of our nature, which in our present state of existence are vitally connected with the intellect, and their peculiar condition has much to do in directing and controlling its action. We have a *fleshly* corporeity, and it has a most intimate and mysterious connection with the intelligent principle which animates it. That the *brain* is the *material* organ of thought, the medium through which the intellect manifests itself, has come to be generally regarded as a fundamental doctrine in mental science. This is a doctrine not peculiar to phrenologists, though they have done much to elucidate and verify it. It stands clear, however, of their manipulations and cranial divisions. He who denies that the intellect operates through the brain—that the head is the workshop where thought is elaborated—would be regarded as much opposed to the deliverances of true science as the advocates of a stationary earth, with the sun and stars actually sweeping their circumferences around it. The action of the intellect will be necessarily modified by the state of the brain; but the brain itself is in living sympathy with the stomach and other viscera, and its normal and healthy condition depends upon a corresponding state in these. Moreover, it is exquisitely sensitive to every change which they undergo. The perfection of manhood in its present state is expressed

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in the aphorism, "*sana mens in sano corpore.*" It is a condition eminently desirable, and I hesitate not to say essential, to the highest achievements of the intellectual power. These general remarks on the connection of body and mind are designed to prepare the way for the brief consideration of some *physical* conditions of success in intellectual effort. This is a large and by no means unimportant branch of our subject, but in treating it in the imperfect manner in which I am compelled to do in the narrow limits to which I must confine myself, I may be exposed to the charge of degrading the whole discussion by the introduction of topics too grossly *material* and seemingly frivolous. But let it be borne in mind, in the first place, that the complexity of matter and spirit in our present mode of being imposes necessary conditions of a physical nature upon the action and development of mind which can not be ignored with impunity; and, in the second place, that the importance of a fact or incident is not to be estimated by its apparent insignificance in itself considered, but by the *consequences*, whether immediate or remote, which flow from it in the natural course of things, or, rather, we should say, by the arrangements of an over-ruling Providence. Everywhere in nature and providence we may mark effects of great magnitude and far-reaching influence resulting from causes apparently the most slight and trivial. A paltry insect entangled in a delicate wheel of a vast machinery may disorder and frustrate the action of its whole complicated arrangements. A spark of fire no larger than a pin's head has kindled a conflagration which in a few hours has transformed the fairest portion of a mighty city into a blackened, smoking desolation. A slight misstep, or a particle of dust casually sucked in by the inspiring breath, may occasion the death of an individual, on whom alone depended the execution of an enterprise affecting the destinies of nations for generations to come. Such illustrations of the importance of apparently trivial incidents may be gathered in abundance from the history of communities and of individuals. Nothing is insig-

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nificant which has a relation of cause to effect, or of occasion to result in the fortunes of individuals and communities, however disproportionate the former may seem to the latter. Everything must be judged by its connection with consequences. Now, in consequence of the vital connection between the functions of the body and the faculties and affections of the mind, whatever affects the one must in some way affect the other. This condition of things is coming to be much better understood than formerly, and well will it be for the healthy, powerful and beneficent action of the mind when its relation to the body shall be well understood and wisely regarded. The sciences of physiology and psychology are cognate, and should be studied in connection; they are not indeed identical, for mind, the subject of the one, is different in its nature and attributes from the body, the subject of the other, and will eventually escape from its corporeal connection and act independently by its own immortal vigor; but, as we have said, in the commixed mode of our present condition, they are so inextricably and livingly bound up together, the vital influences of each are so incessantly and mutually playing the one upon the other, that a comprehensive and accurate acquaintance with the science of either can not be acquired without taking within the scope of our view that of the other. It can not, therefore, be materializing and lowering the dignity of our subject to touch with discrimination upon the consideration due to the state of our physical system in its relation to the power and success of a mental effort. Besides a prudent regard to preserve the general healthiness and vigor of the bodily organs and functions, there is to be a *special* attention paid to whatever affects their condition *while* making drafts upon your intellectual powers and resources. You must take heed to what, both as to nature and quantity, you submit to the action of the digesting and assimilating organs. You may depend upon it that whatever overcharges these or induces a morbid action of their functions will extend its disturbing and vicious influence to the

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domain of the intellect. The brain, the immediate organ of mental manifestations, we have seen, instantly sympathizes with the condition of the digestive organ. If this be surcharged by excess over the proper quantity which it is capable of managing, there will be corresponding oppression and sluggishness in the cerebral functions, unfitting them to be instruments of the mind's action. A drowsiness and dullness will supervene upon the intellectual power, from which it will be difficult to rouse it to exertion. If, again, what is taken into the stomach be of an indigestible or noxious or too highly stimulating nature, the effect upon the brain, and consequently upon the mind, will be far more sinister and disastrous. An abnormal, morbid or excessive action will be transmitted to the brain, producing racking physical pains and consequent mental confusion, or engendering subtle and poisonous vapors, which becloud the mind's vision and paralyze its powers, or precipitating it into a state of intense and unnatural activity, which soon exhausts its energies and leaves it powerless. In either case the intellectual effort you desire to put forth will be a *failure*.

I hold in memory a painful incident illustrating the disastrous effect of an unfortunate deposition of indigestible material in the gastric region *during* an important mental process. It is not necessary to name the victim, or give any clue to his identification. The incident itself is pertinent and admonitory, and its relation may relieve the tedium of our dry discussion. The individual in question was appointed to prepare a discourse for an extraordinary occasion demanding the highest exertion of his powers adequately to meet it. He addressed himself to the task under favorable circumstances, and progressed satisfactorily. He had laid down his main propositions and proved and fortified them by solid argument and apposite illustration. The foundation of the mental fabric was broadly and firmly laid, and its nether story reared with compactness and symmetry, and in imagination he saw the superstructure rise in grandeur and beauty,

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even to the culminating apex of its ample and magnificent dome. His soul kindled in prospect of his assured triumph on the great occasion. The high noon of his glowing enthusiasm was reached about midnight of the day previous to the one for the fulfillment of the appointment. He saw clear through the remaining processes necessary to the grand consummation of his labors. But having still a whole day and night to realize in a substantial form the glorious vision, and being physically weary with his toil and vigils, he concluded to seek refreshment in grateful slumber, and resume on the morrow with renovated powers his now delightful task, and carry it out to its completion. But, in passing to the couch of repose, his evil genius unluckily led him through the *pantry*, where his eye unluckily fell upon a mince pie, in close juxtaposition to a pan of *lacteal* fluid, with a surface of a rich golden hue. Having drawn so heavily upon his brain, an "aching void" was felt in the region below. The temptation was too powerful to be resisted. He cut out a piece of the rich pastry, and, dipping it into the unctuous fluid, deposited it in the *vacuum* below his diaphragm. No doubt his evil genius "grinned a ghastly smile" at the success of his fiendish machination! He retired to bed—"to sleep, perchance to *dream!*" Aye, to dream of "Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire!" He awoke from the tumultuous scene of horrible phantoms to an intolerable sense of excruciating and nauseating pain, vulgarly called sick headache—one of the worst aches "flesh is heir to." He rolled in agony and retchings through the day, and then was left in helpless exhaustion of bodily frame, and almost idiotic confusion of mind. The gorgeous vision of the preceding night had fled, and could not be recalled. Chaos and darkness reigned where all had been harmony and light. It was now too late to retrieve the disaster, even had his powers been in working order. His only hope was that in meeting his audience and carrying them with him over the portion of the ground so thoroughly prepared he might perchance gather inspiration sufficient to bear

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them on to the close satisfactorily to them and creditably to himself. A *triumph* he could no longer hope for. He went under a desponding pressure to the scene of trial. A crowded auditory was waiting for the foredoomed speaker. He took them grandly enough along over the solid pavement of the preliminary argument, but no inspiration came, and at the end of the lofty and firm footing of demonstrated propositions he had so elaborately constructed he "fell plumb" an unmeasured depth into a chaotic abyss of fragmentary and abortive conceptions, in which he floundered on to his own intense mortification and to the blank surprise of his hitherto deeply-interested audience. Never was the line of Horace,

"Amphora caepit

"Institui: currente rota cur urceus exit!"

more sadly exemplified, or, rather, it was *more* than exemplified. Instead of *something* coming out, however *diminutive*, there was *nothing* but "confusion worse confounded." It was a most wretched failure, and all owing to the untimely lodgment of the mince pie, dripping with cream, into the digestive receptacle! A splendid intellectual triumph when entirely within the range of easy achievement was thus lost by the untoward incident. It utters a potent voice of warning to the aspirant for intellectual laurels to beware of introducing mince pie and cream into a *vacated* stomach when *in the midst* of his preparation to meet an opportune occasion for the display of his powers.

Doubtless many a failure in intellectual achievement has been owing to causes even more trivial and petty than the one instanced. A "horn" too many (and *one* is too many) of intoxicating beverage has hazarded and even negatived success in many instances. Allow me here to dwell for a few moments upon the vitiating influences of this species of physical excitement upon the healthy action of the mental powers. I do not propose to entertain you with a temperance lecture. I take it that you are in no special need of one.

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Your clear and manly countenances indicate your freedom from what has sometimes been termed "the curse of genius." Be that freedom complete and perpetual.

But I wish to offer some remarks in this connection, especially applicable to the present branch of our main subject. You are aware that the opinion has widely prevailed in former times, and is still entertained by many, even among those who are not habitual worshipers at the shrine of Bacchus, that the excitement induced by draughts from the wine cup or brandy bottle is favorable to the development of great mental power, and so some of reputed general sobriety resort to such stimulants when a more than ordinary effort is demanded of them. Now, I need not say that I utterly repudiate this false and dangerous doctrine. I do not question that the immediate effect may be to enhance the vividness of the mind's perceptions and give increased activity and energy to its operations, but it is transient, unnatural and unhealthy, and is more likely than otherwise to throw "ominous conjecture on the whole success"; for there is no physiological law more firmly established than that the higher the *forced* elevation above the normal condition of our physical and mental systems, the lower is the inevitable subsequent depression, and so the ultimate result of the effort, at best, will be an incongruous intermixture of strength and imbecility, of sublimity and bathos, of brilliancy and insipidity. Or, if the effort as to power and brilliancy is sustained throughout by the constant supply of the unnatural stimulant, a morbid and poisonous element will be diffused through the whole resulting product, reducing its value, morally at least, to a very low standard. Productions of astonishing power and brilliancy have come from gifted minds under the inspiration, not of some heavenly muse, but of Circe's cup; but the power was fierce and baleful, and the brilliancy, like that which gleams from the eye and glistens in the scales of the terrible serpent. There can be no moral health and genial warmth, no true and elevating sublimity, no attractive and

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beneficent beauty in a production which has had its birth amid the convulsive throes of a mind wrapped in the exhilarating and poisonous vapors of alcohol or opium! No, no, the mind acts by far the most successfully for a noble triumph of its powers when *entirely* freed from all foreign stimulation of liquids and drugs, and is left to its natural action under the impulses of the native forces provided by its Maker in a sound physical and mental constitution. The sublimest achievements of human genius have been attained by those who took nothing into their physical systems but the simplest preparations of nature's laboratory. Milton was strictly temperate, and the "*Paradise Lost*" stands at the head of all the productions of human genius, ancient or modern. Byron, with equal natural endowments, inflamed his system with draughts of fiery liquid, and "*Don Juan*" was the result!

I have one other suggestion to make before dismissing this part of the discussion. It is this: The intellect should never be set to hard thinking while the organs of digestion are laboring to reduce the digestible materials submitted to them. The work of digestion should be *completed* before the elaborations of thought begin. The functions of the brain designed as instruments of the mind's action must not be called into severe exercise until the pure fresh blood—the nutritive essence of our material food—is separated and refined by the several curious processes through which the aliment is made to pass in our corporeal system, and is sent with its life-giving vigor through the delicate channels and ramifications of the nervous mass. With these imperfect hints touching the *physical* conditions of successful intellectual action, we pass to higher considerations.

MORAL CONDITIONS.

There is still *another* part of our being to be brought into action in all our intellectual efforts, and the prime conditions of true success are connected with its peculiar state and tone. I mean our moral nature, or, more briefly, the *heart*. Here

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opens a wide and most attractive field of reflection and discussion, but my remarks upon preceding topics have been so protracted as to leave me a few moments only for its consideration. You will, therefore, I trust, indulgently accept some general views instead of elaborated details. The moral nature constitutes the true dignity and grandeur of man as a creature of God. Here are found the elements which enter into our conception of the true man in the highest and noblest sense of the phrase. The true measure of the man is not his mental caliber—his genius or talent—however powerful and brilliant; it is the breadth, depth and fullness of his moral nature. In this part of him the affections, the sympathies, the whole family of warm and genial humanities have their home, if *home* they have at all in his bosom. Here is the fountain of motive, the salient springs of the generous impulse, the noble aim, the sublime purpose. This part of man's nature allies him to angels and to God. In it is reflected, if reflected at all, the image of the Divine. On this side of him heaven opens, and its glory comes in to spread its celestial illuminations over all his inner being. We can not doubt that it is in accordance with the Divine design that the most potent agencies which put in motion the intellectual machinery come from the *stirred* depths of our moral being. The intellectual energies are never aroused to their highest capabilities except under the stimulus of *intensified* emotion. In plain language, the *heart* must be interested, the moral feelings excited and enlisted in the subject on which our intellectual effort is expended, or we shall not reach complete success. How, then, is this moral excitation to be effected? In the first place, I answer that you must consider your subject in respect to its *truth*. Truth is the appropriate object of all intellectual exertion. Its discovery, elimination, illustration and clear exhibition constitute the *proper* business of the human intellect. It was for this end it was created and endowed by its Creator, with its wonderful powers, perceptive, conceptive, abstractive, discursive and imaginative. They were all to be

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intently employed according to their respective functions, in finding out, in extricating from their matrices, in clearing from the maculæ of error, in polishing and appropriately setting the priceless gems of truth "strown thick as autumnal leaves on Vallambrosa's brooks" over God's creation, that their mingled splendors might conspicuously blaze, and illumine, and guide intelligent and moral beings to their loftiest destiny. Now, everything, animate or inanimate, which has a sphere of action assigned it, acts the most vigorously and effectively in the direction of the *natural* end of its action. If it be turned aside from this direction, its action is embarrassed and futile, or morbid and pernicious. So it has been, to a most deplorable extent, with the human intellect. Under the control of a bad heart (for we would repeat the sentiment already expressed, that in the *heart* the mainspring of all mental activity as well as of general purpose lies coiled up), it has widely departed in its investigations, speculations and discursions from its destined end. The history of man, since his apostasy, has in great part been a history of the perversions, aberrations and frivolities of the human intellect. It has, indeed, retained and displayed its amazing capabilities, but they have been used to furnish to the corrupt heart *gratifying* illusions instead of *distasteful* realities—in fabricating and garnishing with tinsel and garish brilliancy the unsubstantial and fantastic castles of error, rather than in the erection of massive temples of truth, founded upon the rock of eternal verities, and lifting their ample domes to heaven, through which stream the golden beams from the exhaustless fountain of all truth, lighting up the interior with splendors fadeless as they are pure. Still, however true to its original destination, when under the impulse and direction of a heart which appreciates and loves the truth the intellect acts with its highest energy and achieves its sublimest results. Not in the misty regions of *error* has it vindicated its immortal and godlike energies, but in the golden fields of *truth*. The great minds which have flung an enduring and fadeless glory upon

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their age and race by their intellectual achievements were smit with the impassioned love of truth, and wrought with quenchless ardor in its service. The love of truth, then, is itself a moral power of most potent efficacy in exciting the intellectual powers to their noblest action. You can not, gentlemen, too assiduously foster and nurture this glorious passion. As subsidiary to this end, conceive of your subject as a *truth*, a substantial verity— an eternal *fact*.

The intellect, you have seen, indifferently acts in the service of error and of truth, I mean with the qualification noted in regard to comparative power. It can become deeply interested in a beautiful theory as a subject of pure *speculation*, without any reference to its truth or falseness. The imagination can disport itself right gayly amid its chimerical creations. The fancy can play most merrily with its gorgeous images, as unsubstantial as they are dazzling. The reasoning faculty can delight itself in the construction of abstruse and complicated formulæ, and in following out lines of curious ratiocination, leading to conclusions of no practical value; and altogether a most ingenious and brilliant display of intellectual gymnastics and pyrotechnics can be made, which surprises, charms and delectates us exceedingly; but all the while the *heart* is untouched, no moral emotion is awakened, all is cold as boreal coruscations glinted back from mountains of ice. There are intellectual exhibitions, which are like the stars of a winter's night, intensely brilliant, but, oh, how cold! It is only when the subject of our contemplation is apprehended as a great *truth* that it begins to stir and heave the moral nature, and corrugate its surface with the waves of emotion. When our theme of meditation presents itself to the eye of the mind in the glorious form of a living truth, then the heart rises to meet and embrace it, and its warm throbbings impart a reactive impulse to the mind's action, which strings it with an energy derived from no other source. Truth is intrinsically excellent and peerlessly beautiful, for it is a direct emanation from the eternal foundation of perfect excellence and beauty,

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and it seems to possess a moral quality, or rather a moral *life*, which adapts it to affect and deeply move the moral nature. When a mighty truth is clearly revealed to the meditative mind, it pours its immortal vigor into the heart, and sends it thrilling along every artery, and vein, and fiber of the moral frame. *Then* it is that the intellect girds up all its powers for its grandest achievements. Get a view of your subject then, young gentlemen, in the light of its *truth*, meditate upon it in this character, until its pure radiance comes in upon your soul and diffuses itself through all its avenues and chambers. Look abroad, then, upon its relations to other truths, and let your mind expand and expatiate over the scene of ravishing harmony. But there is still a higher and more potential view to be taken of the *moral aspects* of your subject. It is that of its relations to the *solid* and *permanent* benefit of your fellow men—to individual, social and national well-being. Truth is the great instrument in the enlightenment, reformation and restoration to his original dignity and purity of erring and fallen man; and no sublimer mission can be assigned to any intelligence, however high in the scale of being, than the effective application of this instrument to its beneficent end. But this mission may be assumed by the humblest man or woman among us, who has a heart for the work. Nay, it is the duty of all to rise to the moral dignity and grandeur of this noble mission, and summon their best powers to the discharge within the scope of their respective capabilities and opportunities, of its high responsibilities. And truly there is nothing so fitted to quicken into vigorous life the moral energies, and urge them to lay their authoritative command upon the intellect to do its utmost, as a proper conception of the office of truth in regard to human welfare, and a fervent desire to promote that welfare through the appointed means. And so it is, as we have asserted, that the intellect never acts with such astonishing energy and irresistible effect as when compelled into action by a *great heart*, expanding and glowing with the unselfish desire to avert impending evil and

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secure substantial good to individuals, to society, to country, and to man. What was it that communicated the living fire to ancient eloquence, which has made it as immortal as the human mind itself? What armed the intellect of Demosthenes with those thunderbolts that blazed and roared, and crashed with blasting destruction upon the traitors of his country? What made the eloquence of Cicero burn, and warp, and consume, as an all-environing conflagration, the conspirators against the republic? It was their lofty and impassioned *patriotism*. Their great hearts glowed with its fires, like an oven heated seven times hotter than wont: and hence it is that we can almost hear, yet, the rumbling echoes of the thunders of the bema, and see the reflected light from the fires of the forum. The same thing has been exemplified a thousand times since. We need not go to the great masters of ancient eloquence for illustrative examples of our position. They have been rivaled, if not altogether surpassed, by modern instances. What aroused the slumbering, dreaming intellect of Patrick Henry—that *lazy* youth, who seemed to require some one to help him draw his breath—to those utterances of impassioned eloquence which startled and thrilled the nation's heart and rocked the throne of England's monarchy to its very base? What clothed the intellect of the elder Adams with a robe of flame as he stood forth in the Continental Congress, the living impersonation of the genius of liberty, in defense of the immortal Declaration of our Nation's Independence? It was the same great passion, purified and sublimed, that fired the bosoms of their ancient prototypes. They had meditated upon their country's wrongs and their country's freedom until a sacred madness possessed their mighty souls, imparting to their intellects a superhuman energy that enabled them to pour forth overwhelming torrents of "breathing thoughts and burning words." Take a higher and more sacred example. The intellect of Whitfield was of moderate capacity, as the productions which have come to us from his pen clearly attest. But kindled up by the divinest

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of all passions which can stir the human bosom—the *love of Christ*, and the perishing souls for whom He died—it became a *flaming fire*, melting into penitence and humiliation the hardest and proudest hearts of God's enemies, and leading them trembling, submissive and adoring to the foot of the cross they had despised. We can obtain no conception of the wonderful power of this holy man and model preacher of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God from his published sermons. He spoke for the most part *extempore*, and under the power of a heavenly impulse of soul, and we learn of the irresistible and overwhelming nature of his divinely-impassioned eloquence from the contemporaneous accounts of his hearers. They tell us that his very voice would seem, at times, like the pealings of the wrathful thunders of Heaven, and then, in "strains as sweet as angels use," would whisper the peace of the Gospel. He would rend the veil that secludes from mortal view the world to come, and carry his awe-struck audience with him into the very midst of its eternal realities, and place them upon some awful eminence, from whence, looking down, they seemed to see the ever-ascending smoke and hear the piercing wails of the *lost* from the gulf of perdition, and, looking upward to behold the glories and catch the strains of immortal praise of the *saved* in their heavenly home. Now, in view of the common order of his intellect, we know not why any of us might not attain to the transcendent power of Whitfield, were our whole moral nature elevated, energized and impelled by the same divine passion as was his. If such be the measure of our capabilities, may it not also be the required measure of our responsibilities? Here I rest the discussion, feeling that an apology is due to you for its length and imperfections. Such as it is, it is commended to your serious meditation and earnest improvement. God has given you intellects for the noblest purposes. He has afforded you every facility for their highest cultivation; and in this country and age you will have the largest

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opportunities for their freest exercise. Manfully and resolutely rise to the responsibilities imposed by your gift and position, and let each one of you, lighting the torch of his intellect at the glowing fires of a heart kindled by the love of God and man, keep it lifted high, that its broad and steady illuminations may reach to the widest possible extent over the moral scene around you.

XX.
SERMONS

WHAT IS PREACHING?

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE ORDINATION OF
GEORGE W. LASHER AS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH
IN NORWALK, CONN., SEPTEMBER 30, 1859.

"It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."—I Corinthians 1: 21 (latter clause).

What is this preaching to which is ascribed such a mighty power? The original word translated here *preaching* is derived from one signifying a herald or messenger sent by one nation or tribe to another, or by a sovereign to a revolted province, to proclaim messages of war or peace, or any other matter of public or international concernment. It is pertinent to mention here that the herald or ambassador was charged simply to communicate with all distinctness and fullness the message, whatever it might be, committed to him. He had no discretion to change, or alter in one iota, the matter of his sovereign's command or will. His *special* business was to make it known clearly and unequivocally, and to speak and act in all things according to authoritative directions. Hence, preaching is the public proclamation of a message to those for whom it is intended, and includes the idea of the herald or messenger lifting up aloud his *living voice* in the audience of the people to whom he is sent; and this was the mode at first used by the herald. Now, though the word *preaching*, as adopted by the apostle, has a wider and more significant meaning than belonged to it originally, yet we may be assured it has not discharged, but firmly holds, heightened, intensified and expanded, the primitive idea of *publicly proclaiming* by the living voice a message; and the preaching of God is the public proclamation by his appointed messengers of His message of peace and salvation to a revolted and perishing

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world. *Their* appropriate business is to declare His message in the plainest and most unambiguous manner, so that there need be no mistake in the apprehension of its subject-matter, or in its application to the condition and duty of those addressed.

Let us first attend to the subject-matter of this preaching appointed by God for the salvation of men, and which was at the first and has been ever since deemed foolishness by the wisdom of this world, but which was then and is now both "the wisdom and power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The phraseology of the text is elliptical, in the characteristic manner of Paul, remarkable for his pregnant and sententious brevity; and we must gather its full meaning from the context. Happily we are at no loss here, for our text is taken out of a train of striking remarks clearly setting forth the matter and manner of the apostle's preaching. He proceeds thus: "For the Jews require a *sign*, and the Greeks seek after *wisdom*; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." And further on: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The subject-matter, then, of the preaching which God has appointed to save men is *Jesus Christ* and *Him crucified*—in other words, the *person* and the *work* of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was the burden of Paul's preaching, in which he was so entirely absorbed that he determined to know nothing else in his communications to and intercourse with men. But what of this *Person*? and what of his *work*? Oh, my hearers, how little can I tell you of these vast themes, after years of study in order to guide others to a right knowledge of them!

Who is Jesus Christ? It may be easy to answer in a general way; He is the *Savior* of lost men. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came

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into the world to *save* sinners." If this be true, it only opens the matter of deepest questioning. How could he be the Savior of immortal beings originally created in the image of God, but who, through voluntary transgression and revolt, had an irreconcilable controversy with their Creator—irreconcilable in every view of the character of that Creator as a just and holy sovereign, who is of purer eyes than even to look on iniquity, and who can have nothing to do with sin but to punish it as it deserves, and its desert is eternal punishment? Every attribute of God demands the adequate punishment of the sinner—His holiness, justice, truth, and even *love*. Every principle of his moral administration must be sustained or sacrificed by the issue of punishment or immunity. The pillars of the eternal throne rest firmly only on the complete vindication of the justice and sovereignty of God in the punishment of the violators of His holy law, whether they be angels or men. We have said that even the love of God demands the punishment of the guilty. This may startle some minds who in their sins are foolishly relying upon this attribute for final exemption from punishment. We falsely, in our theologies, sometimes put the justice and the love of God in mutual antagonism in respect to dealing with the sinner. Justice is represented as clothed with awful and unrelenting severity crying for blood; while Love stands by grasping his arm, weeping and pleading for mercy and forgiveness. This may be tolerated in one aspect as figurative and allegorical; but in the crisis of the final judgment Love is as much to be dreaded as Justice. There will be a perfect concurrence of the two in the sentence of condemnation. What transgressor of human law foolishly relies on the *benevolence* of the judge to save him? He may hope something from his weakness or corruption, but his reason will tell him that he has as much to fear from the benevolent regard of the judge to the peace and interests of society, and so to the personal welfare of each member, as from his sense of justice and of official responsibility. So, in a far higher

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sense, does the love of God demand the punishment of the guilty. In respect to the character and law of God in themselves considered, the sinner is in an utterly hopeless condition. Guilt itself brings him into a state in which there can be no redress but his punishment. In mere human law there is no provision for satisfaction in case of violation, except the infliction of the penalty. The person arraigned before a tribunal has distinctly presented to him the sole alternative of acquittal on the ground of innocence or failure of convicting proof, *or* condemnation to suffer the penalty of the law broken. The law knows no mercy. It has no ear and no heart to listen to and be moved by the pleading and tears of penitential sorrow. The moment it is violated it becomes the uncompromising enemy of the violator, and cries aloud for his punishment. It holds him helpless in its iron grasp, and will accept of nothing but a full satisfaction in the actual infliction of the penalty. How can Jesus Christ *save* men in this condition? Again: how can He save and restore beings so totally ruined as men are? They need not merely to be saved from the penalty of the law, but the darkness, chaos and pollution which reign in their essential immortal natures must be removed, and these natures be renewed and reconstructed into a new order, beauty and purity. The moral impotency of man as a sinner does not wholly consist in the remediless nature of transgression, but also in the moral effects of sin upon himself in blinding his mind and in corrupting and hardening his heart. His lost condition respects not merely his relation to the *law*, but also to the *character* of God. It is not too strong language to say that sin has put out the eyes of his spiritual understanding and paralyzed the power of apprehension in respect to the saving knowledge of God. "The natural man (as he is by nature) receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God—neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be. So, then, they that are

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in the flesh can not please God." Men need not only pardon, but *renovation*—not only freedom from punishment, but a *new creation*. Again: how can Jesus Christ be the *life* of men spiritually *dead*—"dead in trespasses and in sins"? There must be *life* put into them from without, of which not a single element is found in their depraved natures.

We might go on with such questions, and we should find no satisfactory answer in all the sphere of mere *humanity*. We should have to ascend the scale of being, and, having utterly repudiated the blasphemy that He who is the Savior of sinners is no other than a *man* like ourselves, we should find no solution of our questions but in the wondrous and positive *revelation* that He who is the *Savior* of men is their *God* and *Maker*! Here we *rest*, and only here. If this be so, we can well believe that all the difficulties and impossibilities in the way of men's salvation and restoration to peace and communion with God (which are insoluble and insurmountable on any other supposition) may be in some way satisfactorily adjusted and overcome. If *God*, indeed, has undertaken for man, then let him look up out of the depths of his guilt and wretchedness, though he be sunk to the very mouth of the fiery pit of eternal damnation, for lo, *his "redemption draweth nigh."* Here is the only hope of our perishing world. God *has* undertaken for its redemption and salvation. This amazing fact is the burden of Revelation—that God in his own person has become the author of eternal salvation—that, "when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, *His* eye pitied and *His* own arm brought salvation."

If Christ is not God, then the world has no Savior, and the human race is hopelessly drifting on to a dark and miserable eternity. The eternal Deity of Christ is not the only subject-matter of direct and specific statements in the volume of Revelation, but it is a doctrine inwrought into its very texture and substance. Every formal deliverance, and every incidental allusion or suggestion in reference to His character and work, takes it for granted. I can understand how men

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in their blindness, and in the pride of unsanctified reason, may reject the Bible as a revelation from God, but I can not understand how any sane mind can accept the Bible as God's Word and yet repudiate the doctrine of Christ's divinity. If it does not teach this doctrine in every form in which it is possible to teach anything by language, then it does not teach anything certainly and clearly. It is wholly unreliable upon every point.

I do not at all wonder at the wide and increasing tendency at the present time among the deniers of Christ's divinity to dilute, weaken or even wholly deny the Divine authority of the Scriptures. Logical necessity precipitates this tendency. I tremble to use the strong language of some, that "if Christ be not God, then he was the most daring blasphemer and arrant impostor that ever trod this footstool of Heaven's King"; nevertheless, I will say that if he be not "the true God and eternal life," then I have no Savior, and no Bible, and no spiritual life, and, as a sinner, the wrath of a holy God must abide on me without one gleam of hope. But I can look to Him now, and say, in all confidence, and I trust in true awe, reverence and love, "My Lord and my God."

But is not Jesus Christ also a *man*? Yes, truly, and this fact is as precious and affecting as the other is amazing and overwhelming. He was "God manifest in the flesh"—in *our* flesh! Here is the mystery of mysteries. And yet, if God has revealed Himself at all to men, it is in the *face* and *person* of Jesus of Nazareth—the Man of Sorrows "who was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh"—who "was in all things tempted as we are, yet without sin."

Let us open our eyes and clear them from the dust and smoke of earth and sense, and take a look through the telescope of Revelation at this great mystery. Revelation tells us how man was made—but "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor"—resplendent in the Divine image, and the happy friend and companion of his Maker. It tells us how he fell from his high estate—deeply

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and hopelessly fell far, far beyond the reach of help from any creature in all God's universe. But his Creator's eye followed him down the fearful steep to the gulf of ruin and despair into which he fell. And oh, blessed be His name, it was an eye of *pity*. His infinite heart was touched with compassion. He "had a desire to the work of His hands," and He purposed to *save*. The progress of Revelation is the evolution of this purpose. And now strange and wondrous mysteries are disclosed. There is one Eternal God, and there is no God beside Him; and who shall penetrate the fathomless depths of His being? Nevertheless, we may contemplate what is unveiled by the hand of Revelation. The Godhead is disclosed to us as existing in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. These three exist in mysterious unity, and yet with distinct personalities, and separate offices, are revealed to us as harmoniously employed in the one great purpose of human salvation. How could man be *saved*? How could God be *just*, and yet *justify* and save the sinner? Here was the great problem of the moral universe, and it could be solved only in the counsels of the Eternal Godhead, and in a way to strike with unutterable astonishment Heaven, Earth and Hell. The end to be achieved was the salvation of the sinner without damage to the spotless purity of the Divine character, to the honor of His law, to the influence of His authority, or to the integrity of His supreme sovereignty. Nay, it was to be accomplished with an inconceivable enhancement in the view of all intelligent creatures, of every Divine perfection, and of every Divine claim upon the love, reverence and obedience of all these creatures. What was necessary in order to this stupendous achievement? God has informed us, and we implicitly believe Him. His law was broken, and its penalty lay with crushing weight on the transgressor. That law *must* be satisfied. Not one jot or tittle of its claims could be passed over. What, then, is there no *hope*? Oh, yes; in this man's extremity "help was laid upon one mighty to save." But *how* save? The Eternal Son, the

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second person in the adorable Trinity, coeternal and coequal with the Father, cheerfully consented in obedience to the Father's will, to descend by infinite steps of degradation to our earth, and take upon himself our nature and form, and that, too, in its humblest condition, that He might put himself *in our place* in respect to the law we had broken, perfectly obey it in all its requirements, and then bear its penalty in His sufferings and death upon the cross *for us*, thus rendering a *perfect satisfaction* to Divine justice, which God can accept consistently with the integrity and luster of all His attributes, as completely sufficient in behalf of all who *believe* in Christ the Son, and rely upon the merits of His amazing sacrifice. We are not able to comprehend all the meaning and results of this astonishing transaction, in the conception and consummation of which infinite wisdom, power and love put forth and concentrated their inexhaustible resources. We know, however, it did secure eternal redemption and glory for all who trust in the Crucified One. As to the sinner, its *special significance*, as we believe, turns upon the fact that, in thus suffering and dying in human nature indissolubly united and blended (yet not commingled) with his Divine nature, the Eternal Son of God acted the part of his *substitute* in respect to the law and government of God.

It is the *vicarious* element in this great transaction which is the all-sufficient foundation and warrant for the sinner's trust. Take away this element, and no true atonement for the sinner remains. His case is not reached. No satisfaction to suit his guilty and helpless condition is found. It is just this aspect of mysterious *vicariousness* in the work of Christ which is dwelt upon by the sacred writers with wondering amazement and glowing love. "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed." "The Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all."

Thus speaks the evangelical prophet in rapt vision of the

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future Redeemer; and thus answers the greatest of the apostles after His work was finished: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." "He gave himself the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Who was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification." "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." And another apostle thus: "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." And the herald of His coming thus: "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh (or *bearcth*) away the sins of the world."

The Bible is full of such scriptures. There is a profound and far-reaching meaning in them, which we can neither fathom nor comprehend. Oh, what awful mystery blended with overwhelming pathos is here! Surely the *heart* of the Gospel is to be found here, if anywhere; and he who desires to know what the Gospel is must earnestly study these scriptures in the light which God's Spirit alone can impart. Now, it seems clear to me, however unfathomable and incomprehensible these declarations in the depth, height and fullness of their meaning may be, that we can not mistake in understanding them as setting forth the positive *fact* of the actual *personal substitution* of the spotless Redeemer in the sinner's place in respect to the law of God, and that by virtue of His obedience to its precepts, and His submission to its penalty due to the sinner, He did render a real and complete *satisfaction* to the claims of eternal justice in behalf of all who unreservedly put their trust in Him. Hence, "He is able to save to the *uttermost* all who come unto God by Him," not only because he has the *power*, but also the *right* and *authority* to do for them all that is necessary to secure their pardon and salvation, and present them perfect in Him before His Father. He is "of God made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption"; in brief, "their *ALL* and in all."

Much has been eloquently written by theologians on the

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work of Christ, which unhappily does not touch its prime significance in respect to the sinner's case. They dwell upon its sublime aspect in relation to the character and government of God. They discourse grandly upon the *atonement* as a *governmental* expedient to save the truth, justice and holiness of God, while extending pardon to the guilty. They descant with glowing ardor upon its adaptation to produce a powerful "*moral impression*" on intelligent creatures, under which impression *angels* are fired with new emotions of admiration, adoration and love, and *men* are melted into contrition, penitence and gratitude, in view of the strange combination of severity to sin and mercy to the sinner exhibited in the wondrous scene of the crucifixion of the Son of God. Now, all this sacred eloquence may be well enough. It is expended upon indubitable truths. The atonement, doubtless, has many aspects toward God and the moral universe of transcendent interest. As the *central fact* in the history of redemption, which involves and incloses that of the human race, both the saved and the lost, it can not be contemplated from any point of view without its presenting an aspect of marvelous interest and glory. But all these aspects may have no power to produce a salutary effect upon the sinner's *heart*. He may contemplate them intellectually and be filled with a sentimental and æsthetic interest in the grandeur of the exhibition; but this is not what he *needs*. He must be made to look upon the *suffering* Savior in His *personal* relation to one like himself, on whom for his sins the wrath of God abides, and to recognize the Divine victim as willingly bearing the curse, that it might be lifted off from those who have justly incurred it. Oh, it is when the sinner, convinced of his sin, and the righteous sentence out against him, beholds the Savior as assuming the place of the transgressor, and baring His innocent head to the tempest of wrath, and His spotless bosom to the stroke of justice, that they might not reach such as he, that his heart *breaks*, and the waters of true penitence gush forth, and his faith takes hold of his Divine *substitute*, and

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the peace of God flows into his soul. There can be no true peace to the sinner until he feels himself secure in an acceptance with God through Jesus Christ, "who, though He knew no sin, was made sin for him, that he might be made righteous"; "who gave Himself the just for the unjust, that he might be brought to God." All "moral impression" amounts to nothing until this view of the atonement is virtually apprehended and appropriated. It is not the sublime generalities *about* the subject of the atonement that constitute Gospel *preaching*. It is not the proclamation of *general truths* of any kind preached in an abstract form. It is the holding forth of the *person* of the Redeemer, "manifested to take away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." It is the presenting to the inquiring sinner a Divine and living *Personality*, "full of grace and truth," whose compassion to such as he was so great that He gave His own *life* a ransom for them. It is doing just what the great preacher who heralded the coming of the Savior did, but in still greater clearness and fullness, because of the clearer light and wider unfoldings which followed His coming, namely, pointing to Him and crying, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world"; "He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life." The sinner is not saved by *assenting* to the truth of a proposition, however sublime and glorious, but by *trusting* in a Divine *Person*, and that person He who was delivered for his offenses and raised again for his justification; who was dead, and is alive, and lives forevermore, exalted a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance and remission of sins to those for whom He died. This is *the* truth, the truth relating to and centering in the *person* of Jesus Christ, which we are said to be saved by believing, and not a *grand generality*, blazing, it may be, with a *reflected* glory from his personal character and work, flung upon the canopy of the moral universe.

Here, then, is the burden of God's message to lost sinners, "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever be-

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lieveth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "This is love, not that we love God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the *propitiation* for our sins." Now, what Jesus Christ, the God-man, has wrought out for the salvation of the world, is a *finished* work. It is *complete*, as well as *Divine*. "Being justified, says the apostle, freely by His grace through the Redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a *propitiation* through faith in His blood to declare His righteousness—that He might be *just* and the *justifier* of him who believeth in Jesus." What the sinner has to do, and all that he has to do, to avail himself of the unspeakable benefits of a perfect redemption thus purchased by the Son of God at such an infinite expenditure of humiliation and agony ending in the most ignominious and excruciating death, is to believe on and accept the Divine Sufferer as his only and all-sufficient Savior. And this great salvation through a crucified Christ is committed especially to appointed messengers or heralds to go forth throughout all the world and preach it to every creature. It becomes the priceless treasure of every one, whosoever and wheresoever he may be, that will accept the heavenly boon. The acceptance is a simple act of *faith* in the Divine Author of salvation. All the merit and glory are His. The safety, peace and boundless bliss are the believer's. This is God's method of saving men, and it never fails of its end. No one who has ever sincerely tested it has ever been disappointed in the result. It has proved to him "the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation."

In the light of our imperfect discussion what preëminent dignity is seen to be conferred on those who are called to be preachers of the Gospel of the grace of God—the doctrine of Jesus Christ and Him crucified—to a world of perishing sinners.

They are ambassadors for Christ, and are sent to a revolted and lost world to beseech men in the stead and in the name of Christ to be reconciled to God; for now, in conse-

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quence of what the Lord Jesus Christ has done in the sacrifice of himself for the sins of men, "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." This word of reconciliation has been committed to them with a solemn charge to carry it to the ends of the earth, and sound it out in the ears of all the people of every nation, name, tongue and condition. It is an office which angels might covet, but from which they are excluded, and are only permitted the subordinate office of being "ministers to those who shall be heirs of salvation." The tallest archangel would deem himself honored with a commission to preach the everlasting Gospel, could he have access to men; but its treasures are committed to earthen vessels, to weak erring men, that the "excellency of the power may be of God, and not of men." In saving men, the Author of salvation claims all the glory to Himself. The "Captain of salvation, made perfect through suffering," must be exalted above every name in earth and heaven, and crowned Lord of all. But it is His good pleasure to glorify all His redeemed ones with His own transcendent glory, and make them blessed in His own triumphant joy. And why should He not have all the glory? The work is His from inception to consummation. He "travailed in the greatness of his strength" for a world's redemption, and "there was none to help." "He trod the wine-press all alone." He seized our nature and passed with it through the hottest furnace of Divine wrath against sin imputed to him in *our behalf*, and thereby established an exclusive claim to the ownership of all for whom He died. They are *His* and not their own, for they have been bought with the infinite price of His life and blood.

But let the preacher not only beware how he claims any honor or merit for himself, or allows it to be claimed by those who believe through his word; above all things, let him beware that he preaches the preaching God bids him, neither adding to nor taking from the message committed to him. This message is the good news of salvation through the

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propitiatory sacrifice offered for the sins of men in the obedience even unto the death upon the cross of the Son of God, who is verily the Lord from heaven. And why should any of God's ministers not be content to confine themselves to this mighty theme, which is charged with all the wisdom and power of the infinite God, for the very purpose of accomplishing the salvation and everlasting glory and felicity of lost and ruined sinners. Do any find this theme too narrow and barren for the comprehensive and varied powers of their intellects, for the affluent resources of their superior genius and ample culture? They have yet to learn the alphabet of redemption. They have yet to catch the first glimpse of the true character of the Redeemer, in "whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," and "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," "who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." His *person*, as the triumphant Redeemer of a lost world—the glories of the eternal Godhead concentrated and poured into a human form filling the throne of the universe, and from that blazing center flooding heaven with a new and before unknown glory—is the cynosure of the wondering eyes of all the bright hosts which compose the heavenly hierarchy. His *character*, as the God-man, is their profoundest study and loftiest admiration. His strange *work* for man's salvation, with its stupendous results, is the engrossing theme of the praise and adoration of all holy intelligences, angels and sanctified spirits, and will be through eternal ages.

Does the minister fail to find in this theme all the resources he may think necessary, and adapted to restore man, and make him what he is designed for in character and destiny? Then he has yet to learn its first elements, and to feel its feeblest power. The true minister enlightened by the Holy Spirit—every one so enlightened—knows and feels that the riches of Christ are inexhaustible, as well as unsearchable; that he is *complete* in Him, and can say with the apostle, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the ex-

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cellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, and am willing to suffer the loss of all things that I may win Christ, and be found in Him."

He who is faithful in preaching Christ and Him crucified will find by experience that in this heavenly theme there is an answer and a solution to every want and exigency that may arise in the case of those addressed. In the first place, it alone is blessed by the Spirit to the true conviction of the sinner. It is the peculiar prerogative of the Spirit to take of the things of Christ, and show them to the soul. It convinces of sin, because Christ has died to redeem from sin; and every anxious inquiry of the sinner in the fearful agitation of conviction is at once met and satisfied out of the inexhaustible storehouse of the "truth as it is in Jesus."

Does he ask, "How can I be *just* with God," for my guilt presses sorely upon my soul, and I feel His wrath to be deserved and unavoidable? A full warrant has the preacher to say, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,*" and His perfect righteousness becomes yours, and you will pass from a state of condemnation into a state of complete justification in the sight of a holy God. Does he ask, How can I, reeking with moral pollution, which excites even in myself an intolerable self-loathing, see God in peace, who is of purer eyes than to look on iniquity? The preacher still has but to say, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,*" and His "blood will cleanse you from all sin," and His Spirit will "renew your whole soul after the image of Him who created you in righteousness and true holiness." Does he ask, How can I be delivered from this bondage to the elements of this world, and from the tyranny of the wicked one, which I feel to be so oppressive and galling while I am without any power to rescue myself from the terrible thralldom? Still the preacher may cry, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,*" and He will redeem you triumphantly, and "bring you into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." He has overcome the world, and destroyed the power of the devil, for all who believe in Him. And so he may meet and

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completely solve every difficulty in behalf of the anxious sinner inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" And also every succeeding inquiry of the sinner *saved*, as to how he may grow in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Savior, and finally attain to the stature of a *perfect* man in Christ Jesus.

Having thus shown in general the nature of the truth which it is the business of the Christian minister to make manifest to his hearers, to hold up in its own light, and to proclaim without obscurity, dilution, or corruption, we shall occupy the remainder of the time properly allotted to us in the consideration of some practical topics suggested by our text. We have clearly indicated here the preëminent rank which God has assigned in the work of saving souls, and in extending the kingdom of his Grace, to the *preaching* of His truth, *i. e.*, its proclamation by the living voice of men specially commissioned for the purpose. "It hath pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe."

In the economy of Grace this is ordained by God to be the chief instrumentality in the consummation of His gracious purpose. It is a *fixed* and *unchangeable* arrangement, as much in force now as in the apostolic age, and can not, therefore, be set aside or undervalued without immeasurable disaster to the interests of a living Christianity. And that church or denomination which most honors and magnifies this Divine arrangement by confiding in its efficiency, and, to the extent of its resources, coöperating with the Spirit in providing and sending forth able and well-qualified *preachers* of the Divine Word, will *lead the van* of the sacramental hosts of God's elect in subduing the world to the obedience of the faith. There is absolutely no substitute for this Divine method. Men are saved by believing the "truth as it is in Jesus." There can be no belief without hearing and understanding; and how can they hear and understand without a *preacher* to proclaim, expound, illustrate and enforce? There is no surer mark of a *false* church than the subordination of the *public*

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preaching of the Word of God to other ecclesiastical arrangements, and the exaltation of sacramental forms and priestly offices in its stead, as the chief reliance in saving men. There is not a particle of efficacy in these forms and offices to make *alive* to God souls "*dead* in trespasses and in sins." The design of the Scriptural sacraments, or ordinances more properly called, is to symbolize and show forth the capital truths of the Gospel, and to nourish the new life of those who have been "begotten again by the incorruptible word of truth," energized into a living power by the Holy Spirit, and made His instrument in the work of regeneration. When men have received the truth by faith and become new creatures in Christ Jesus, then these and other appointments of Christ become means of grace to develop and nourish up to perfection the Divine life implanted in them. But they are so only as they are received by an intelligent faith, and the truth of which they are emblematic is spiritually apprehended and appropriated. You might as well force food into the mouth of a dead man, with the hope of *quicken*ing him into life, as to administer sacraments or a set of forms to the unregenerate, with the expectation of imparting thereby spiritual life to them. The truth as we have explained it, the *doctrine of Christ crucified* — we love to repeat it — alone brings life to the spiritually dead. This must be so manifested, so *preached*, that it shall arrest the attention of the hearer, commend itself to his conscience, and be received in penitence and faith, or there is no life in the soul. We must never lose sight of the capital fact that Christianity, practically, is a *new life* imparted to a rational soul taking hold of the Source of Life, Christ the Lord, in the exercise of an intelligent faith; and *not* a set of forms or external appliances, with a mysterious efficacy somehow lodged in them, which, by being brought to bear upon *passive* recipients by priestly hands, in some unaccountable way regenerates and sanctifies them.

Christianity knows nothing of such a process or agency. The whole conception and process are essentially *pagan*, how-

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ever honored by Christian names. And a sad spectacle it is to contemplate, when a church, under whatever name, casts away its confidence in the power of God's truth presented faithfully to the minds of men by His appointed ministry, and relies upon *churchly* forms and arrangements, upon external ordinances, and a spurious and assumptious priestly order, to turn men from sin to holiness. Christianity repudiates with holy scorn such human and carnal devices. These forms and appliances have in them much of the spirit of a stupid idolatry or a senseless fetichism, and so far from possessing any life-giving power, they are to unregenerate humanity but as the fantastic decorations gathered round a decaying corpse. The ministers of Christianity are appointed not to be *priests*, but *preachers*. Their peculiar function in the work of saving men is to manifest the truth to their *reason* and *conscience*, not to apply outward forms to their *senses* and *bodies*. Christianity knows nothing of a *human priesthood*.

The typical and temporary priesthood of the old dispensation was totally abrogated when the Great High Priest came to His earthly temple. He is now the only Priest of the Christian Church. His people, indeed, are collectively called "a royal priesthood," but it is in virtue of their living union with Him, the Divine Head, to whom they are continually to offer the spiritual sacrifices of prayer and praise, and themselves, body, soul and spirit, as a *holocaust* unto Him. When, therefore, men now assume to be the priests of the living God in the old Jewish sense, or in any sense as the peculiar channels of grace to their fellow men, it is a blasphemous assumption of an exclusively Divine prerogative. "Christ crucified," and risen again from the dead, and forever seated in glory at the right hand of the Eternal Majesty in the heavens, comprehends in Himself alone all the offices and elements of the priest and the sacrifice; and therefore there is no efficacy in anything to save men except in this doctrine of a *whole* Christ, without any intervention of carnal devices, brought right home to the intelligence and conscience of the sinner. True Chris-

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tianity, charged with this central doctrine as the life of God for the life of men, is a system of *truth*, we have said, to be received by *faith*.

What is needed, therefore, for a world of sinners is not a body of priests segregated from them by a factitious sanctity, to trickle from canonical hands a supposed mysterious influence upon their *outward persons*, but holy and fervid *preachers* to speak to their *immortal souls* "all the words of this life." Were the question asked, What is *now* the great *desideratum* in the agencies and movements of the Church of God to bring men to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and extend His reign whose right it is to reign over the whole earth? I think it might be well answered, Not splendid churches and an imposing worship. (Oh, this *dilettante* ecclesiasticism that delights in magnificent houses of worship, in gorgeously painted windows, in altar and pulpit decorations, in pictures and symbols, in flaunting and fantastic toggery, in hired choirs and a godless minstrelsy, and all that sort of sensuous and esthetic appliances, it is a stench in the nostrils of God, and a savor of death to men!) Not more wealth and intelligence, not a higher order of education, secular or sacred, not an increased efficiency of the religious press, not more Bibles and tracts, and a greater amount, and higher quality, and wider diffusion of religious literature, not more erudite scholars and profound theologians; *but*, a greatly increased number of powerful *preachers*, consecrated and exclusively devoted to the proclamation and direct application of the truths of the Gospel to men's consciences and hearts. We must not be understood as depreciating the other means and agencies named. All these are well, and most of them indispensable, but the Church is already strong in them—in *this* she is comparatively weak, or, rather, she might be vastly stronger than she is. It is not for the speaker to say aught in derogation of the living ministry of the evangelical churches. He blesses God that so many of them are "able ministers of the New Testament," making, in all simplicity and godly sin-

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cerity, "full proof of their ministry," but he may be pardoned, in this connection, in giving utterance to a few thoughts which he deems worthy of some consideration.

It may be questioned whether our practical estimate of the importance of a *preaching* ministry, as the *prime agency* in the conversion of the world, has not been lowered or extenuated by the consideration of the multiplied agencies which have been brought into play in this our day in the diffusion of intelligence and knowledge of every kind. Never before has been witnessed such a literal fulfillment of the prophecy, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Every branch of human science is progressing by new discoveries and applications beyond all precedent. Schools are multiplying on every hand, with enlarged courses and improved methods, and higher and higher demands are made by increasing numbers for more extensive and thorough instruction; but, most of all, the press, with the concomitant facilities for rapid and now almost instantaneous communication of intelligence from one side of the globe to the other, and through all the avenues of the social structure, has become a ubiquitous and controlling power in modern society. So vast and multiform and available is this power in scattering over the earth every form of intelligence and instruction that some have almost been inclined to think that it may ultimately swallow up all the old modes of *oral* instruction, and leave no place for the *public speaker's* vocation; or, at least, take away the demand for the exercise of the peculiar powers, aside from his matter and style, by which he impresses and influences his auditors. Everything worth preserving, it is said, is *printed* now, and people can read, discriminate, and be instructed by the speaker's matter and modes of conception and expression, without being unduly excited by his manner and rhetorical art. Public speaking is therefore coming to be held by many at a discount, as if not indispensable as a means to enlighten and direct, elevate and inspire, the minds of this universally *reading* age. And this view may have had its influence, per-

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haps unconsciously, upon the preacher's manner, in inducing him to give his main attention to the arrangement of his thoughts and modes of his expression without any special regard to those elements of delivery adapted to arrest and fix the attention, and carry the convictions and sympathies of his hearers. And especially so if he expects to be *reported* (as is common now) and reproduced in *print*. He hopes to make amends for the weakness of his personal appearance and the dullness of his manner before his *hearers* by the weight of his matter and the elegance of his style submitted to his *readers*. From whatever cause, it has come to pass that ten good writers may be found in the ministry to one effective speaker. There is verily a wrong somewhere, and whether it be owing to the fault of the ministry or the reaction upon it of a false public sentiment from causes hinted at as to the essential importance of the preacher's vocation, it is working greatly to the damage of ministerial efficiency. It is a false inference from conceded premises that the general diffusion of knowledge, the countless enlightening agencies operating upon the human mind in this age, and the limitless power of the press, are unfavorable to the power of *true eloquence*. It has a power peculiarly *its own*, and it is *supreme* in its appropriate sphere. It can never be dethroned by rival powers if the speaker or preacher is true to himself and to his vocation. It may demand enforcement and higher elements of potency in consequence of the energy of surrounding and collateral agencies, but give it a fair field and it will tower above and subordinate them all to its own immediate service.

Oh, there is no agency under the canopy of heaven that has such power to move and sway the minds of men as a *kindred* mind all aglow with some mighty truth that links itself to their personal interests and destinies, streaming out that truth through the impassioned voice, gleaming eyes and radiant features of the true orator. It is as if an electric body should be brought in contact with multitudinous recipient bodies properly arranged, and send its shocks and thrills

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through all, until the whole aggregated mass should be filled with its own subtle energy, and move as by a simultaneous impulse whithersoever it moves. Now this power is independent of all times and circumstances, and it is fatuity in the public speaker or preacher, whose vocation it is to address by the living voice listening auditors, to forego the advantage it gives him, because, forsooth, his production may be submitted to the cool and critical judgment of the unimpassioned reader. He never should think of this. It is no atonement or amends for the loss of the special influence he might wield as an earnest speaker that his production may be read and thereby work good. The real preacher's *voice*, and *look*, and *glowing sympathies*, that give such power to his utterance, can not be *written* or *printed*. There *is* something that the reporter's pen and the printer's type, with all their wondrous achievements, can not yet do. They can record the *words* of the speaker, but the *soul of fire* that made them blazing arrows to the hearer's soul is beyond their power to arrest and daguerrotype upon their pages. The words are *cooled down*, and affect the reader after a very different sort from the hearer. Besides, how many thoughts he has to utter which never will be printed, and their whole effect must be upon the hearer. Again: there can not be a greater mistake than that which some seem to have fallen into, that everybody reads nowadays, and that if a thing is printed, the universal eye of the community will fall upon it.

The fact is, with all the books and papers flung abroad every day, like snowflakes in a winter's storm, there are thousands who only read snatches here and there; thousands who have no time to read anything more than the "prices current," and the state of the stock market, and advertisements in their line of business; thousands more who are so immersed in the incessant and laborious activities of the age that they have no leisure to read anything at all. These can only be effectually reached by the preacher's *voice* from the pulpit on the holy Sabbath, or by the wayside as he goes from house to house;

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for preaching is not confined to the pulpit, but its true function may be discharged wherever the preacher finds an audience, whether few or many, to listen to his words. There never, then, will be a time, until the drama of human destiny is closed up, when the preacher's proper sphere will be circumscribed or the wand of his power wrested from his grasp. Then let me beseech my brethren in the ministry, my brethren of the laity, to *magnify* above all human agencies in the world's conversion the *preacher's office*. This is God's appointment, who saw the end from the beginning, and knew that no possible agencies in the world's history could be evolved to supersede or lawfully contract its sacred functions and scope. Let us be careful in all our plans and measures for the evangelization of the world to adhere to the Divine order.

The foolishness of God, as men count foolishness, is wiser than their highest wisdom. If other agencies available to the Church in her appropriate work multiply and be pressed into her service, let her welcome them, and use them thankfully; but let her beware lest she exalt them above the agency which God has appointed to the preëminence. This relative position must be preserved. The ministry must be elevated to higher efficiency and consideration, as other agencies rise and press around it. If the general level of the Church and society is lifted up by the mighty energies now at work in the universal enlightenment and progress of the race, the *ministry* must rise with them, yea, be fitted to act with tenfold power in its appropriate sphere. It is needless to assert that there never was a demand for a greater measure of the power appropriately wielded by God's ministers than now. To *them* is committed a dispensation of the Gospel through which "*immortal life* has been brought to light." Mankind are in a whirlwind of mundane activities, engrossing the senses, and sweeping along the expanded and intensified energies of soul and body. They need more than ever before voices from the eternal world to thunder in their ears their immortality and accountability. The increasing splendors of the wonderful

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civilization, in whose light the race is marching on to some imagined Eden of earthly felicity and glory, need to be paled and eclipsed by the overmastering light let in upon them from the "world to come."

At a time when a pretentious and obtrusive pseudo-philanthropy, caricaturing the benevolence, but destitute of the spirit, of the Gospel, is pushing with noisy zeal its *humanitarian* schemes of physical and social reforms looking chiefly to improvements in men's *temporal* condition as the great end of human life and society, ignoring the meanwhile the *life to come*, and denying the grace of God that brings salvation to the immortal soul, how clear and loud should be the warning voices of the anointed prophets of the Most High, proclaiming, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever." When men's temporal condition is the most prosperous and joyous, when the comforts and splendors, the pomps and fascinations of earth, multiply around their habitations and ways, they especially need admonitory lessons, reminding them of the essential vanity of all these things which are "of the earth, earthy"; and that, unless they are wise toward God and at peace with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, the most *successful* life on earth is a dreadful and irretrievable *failure*. I trust it is unnecessary to deprecate any inference from the above remarks that the minister has no duty in regard to men's temporal welfare, and should therefore hold himself aloof from reforms looking merely to its promotion. Surely this is not what I would teach. Every minister and every Christian should feel a warm and cordial sympathy in whatever contributes to the temporal well-being of his fellow men, and be ever ready to coöperate and to lead in enterprises adapted to lessen the evils of the present state, and to secure the widest individual and social melioration and comfort. His religion is not only *eternal salvation*, but *universal love*. It will prompt him to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, to care for the

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sick and suffering, to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, to bind up the broken heart, to relieve distress in all its forms, and in all practicable ways to promote the cause of sobriety, purity and freedom. But still he can but hold in light esteem and deprecate the ultimate result of all reforming schemes, however large in promises of "coming good," which leave out all considerations of men's relations to God and eternity, and reject Christ as the great and only Physician who understands, and can reach and remove by His Divine skill the original source whence all the evils which afflict humanity flow. There are many such schemes broached and urged in this our day—schemes fraught with the deadly poison of infidelity and ungodliness, and yet boastful of the highest-toned philanthropy. Surely the servant of God can have nothing to do with these, but to warn the unwary and unsuspecting against their wiles. But it may be a question, even in respect to legitimate and greatly needed reforms, which regard mainly outward changes in man's relations, habits and conditions, and have no respect to that preparation which fits for happiness in the world to come, whether they have not invaded too far, in many instances, the peculiar sphere of the ministry, and abstracted from its power as an institute of God to *save* men, and "prepare them unto glory." There can be no question as to the duty of the ministry to favor and to help on these reforms; but the question relates to the amount of time, zeal and energy given to them to the neglect of the weightier responsibilities attached to their office as watchers for *souls*—an office the *primary* function of which is not to *reform* men outwardly, but to *renew* them inwardly; not to *change* their temporal condition, but to induce a *new moral creation* in their immortal natures, which will *remain* to glow and brighten beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, when all earthly things shall have utterly perished. This *radical* change, when once effected, will be followed by individual and social reforms in the present life, the *permanence* of which can alone be relied on. Oh, for more "sons of thunder"

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in the ministry, to startle men from their pleasing dreams of an earthly paradise, and break the clouds of worldliness spread over them, that they may look up and see through the opened vista of the rifted heavens the eternal throne of judgment before which they must shortly stand, and know most assuredly that the present life is worse than *wasted* if it be not a preparation to meet the Judge.

A few brief suggestions as to the elements of power which the ministry may and should command in the discharge of their sacred functions will close this discourse. When we assert that we need not so much erudite scholars and profound theologians in the ministry at this time as we do powerful preachers, it must not be inferred that we would depreciate learning or sound theology, or that we do not deem both of the highest importance to the preacher's efficiency. This would, indeed, be strange inconsistency in one occupying the speaker's position. The highest mental culture, and the clearest understanding and spiritual apprehension of the doctrines of Grace, constitute the solid basis, humanly speaking, of the preacher's power. We would have these in all their fullness and vigor, and added to them the elements of a bold and commanding utterance in the statement, illustration and enforcement of truth upon the attention and consideration of his hearers. We hold that this last is a gift to be coveted and cultivated to the highest possible perfection. This can not be without a *substratum* of thorough and comprehensive culture and a familiar acquaintance with the faculties and affections and the various springs of action in the human soul with which he has to deal. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the great preachers of the past and present age of the Church were, and are, not men of *learning* and *culture*, or that there is some incompatibility between profound and various knowledge and a fervid and powerful popular eloquence.

The greatest preacher in the world's history—Paul the

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apostle—was one of the most learned men of his age; and so along down to the Luthers and Knoxes of the Reformation; to the Edwardses, Whitefields and Wesleys, of a later revival; to the Halls and Chalmerses of our own times, and others still living, the same preëminence holds true. By the way, we may note here, as honoring God's appointment, that all the great reformations in the Church in every age have been *originated* and led on by powerful *preachers*, and not by *mere* scholars and theologians, however largely these contributed by their pens to the power and permanence of the movement.

Truly the preacher ought, of all public teachers of mankind, to be possessed of large mental resources and an ability to use them promptly and effectively in his public and private administrations. He should especially be a sound and well-indoctrinated theologian. The indispensable necessity to a minister, in order to his making full proof of his ministry, of a thorough and systematic study of theology, is far from being sufficiently appreciated by our young ministers or by the churches; and this want is a sore practical evil in our denomination. There is actually an existing prejudice in the minds of some against the systematic study of theology, as if it tended to make the minister formal, dry and cold, by drinking up the fountains of fervid emotion in his soul. In proportion as he becomes a *learned theologian*, it is said by some, he ceases to be a *warm-hearted, impassioned preacher*. Practically there may be some grounds for these remarks, but the evil is not in the *study*, but in the *way* in which the subject is taught and the study is prosecuted. Theological teachers, and makers of theological systems in times past, have been too fond of analysis and philosophical abstractions and distinctions. They have not been content to accept the doctrines of revealed truth as they are presented in God's revelation in their concrete and living forms, complete in their practical efficacy to save and sanctify; but have curiously peered under the Divine form to detect the elements, to penetrate to the

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philosophical basis, and discover the eternal reason of the thing in the purpose of God. The nature and results of much of this kind of *theorizing* are somewhat as if its authors had taken the living body of Christianity perfect from the hand of God, all radiant with heavenly beauty and beaming with heavenly love, bound it down and subjected it to their analytic knife, laying bare muscles, and nerves, and fibers, and bones, driving their sacrilegious work of dissection through systems, tissues and processes, until the life of the subject should go out under their remorseless hand; and then had reared up, as a triumph of their theological acumen and skill, a revolting skeleton, instead of a glorious form of matchless beauty and loveliness! From this and like causes, we admit, unnecessary odium has accrued in many minds against the study of theology as a *system* or *science*, and this oblique consequence has been a sad detriment to many of God's ministers.

But there is a true and glorious science of theology, the right study of which gives to the mind immeasurably enhanced views of the grandeur, beauty and power of each doctrine, and of the sublime and wonderful harmony of the whole system. This science contemplates the serious doctrines of Bible theology not so much in their abstract elements and philosophical principles as in their *completed forms* as they stand forth in the volume of Revelation, embodied conceptions of the Divine mind. It views them in themselves as mirroring the moral perfections of the eternal mind; it views them in their relations to God; in their relations to man; in their relations among themselves; and, above all, in their relations to the radiant center around which they circle—the Cross of Christ. This is a theology every minister should profoundly, devoutly and constantly study. He should study it systematically, doctrinally, practically and experimentally, until his whole mind should be radiant with its light and glory, and his heart all aglow with its life and love; and thus *enlightened* and *enlivened*, shining and loving, let him go

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forth to *preach* it “in demonstration of the spirit and of power.” True theology is nothing other than the revealed scheme of human redemption through the incarnation and propitiatory death of the Son of God—the Gospel of eternal salvation; and most indisputably ought he who gives himself to the work of unfolding and applying this scheme give himself also to the study, under the most favorable opportunities available to him, of all the capital and subordinate truths which constitute its essential character and serve for its practical illustration. I hesitate not to declare that not the good sense only, but the soundness of piety, may be fairly questioned of that candidate for the ministry who, *having the opportunity* to be instructed by experienced teachers in the truths of this Divine science, foregoes the proffered advantage and rushes into the work of his sacred mission with crude and confused conceptions of the awful subjects with which he has to deal. There are those who, in the providence of God, have been deprived of these opportunities, and yet, by intense application, with the helps within their reach, have nobly triumphed over the deficiency and become well-instructed theologians and able ministers of the New Testament. But the spirit that animated them would have prompted them most joyfully to seize and eagerly improve the very opportunities, if offered, which others had rejected when offered—and, *because* rejected, there is no foundation for hope that any proper substitute in *their* case will ever be applied as a remedy for the ir retrievable *loss*, and so they go, it is to be feared, to swell the insulting offerings unto the Lord of “the blind, the halt and the lame.” I have no patience with the worse than folly of that young brother who, for any cause but providential necessity, will turn away from the open door into the temple of sacred science and set himself up as a teacher in Israel upon the slender capital of a few elementary and ill-assorted notions of both *law* and *Gospel*. I am compelled seriously to doubt the reality of the call of such an

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one. He who would be a powerful *preacher* must be a well-instructed *theologian*. He must "study to show himself approved unto God, a *workman* that needeth not to be ashamed, *rightly dividing the word of truth*." How can he rightly divide the truth unless he *understand* it? and how can he understand it unless he apply his faculties and affections earnestly and perseveringly to its consideration, in fervent prayer for the illumination and *informing* and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit?

THE MALADY AND THE REMEDY.

A SERMON.

Text: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Topics: Who is the "Lamb of God"? and How is it that He takes away the sin of the world?

There are several distinct ideas contained in the text.

There is the idea, first, of a particular *person*; secondly, the *relation* which the person sustained to God; and, thirdly, the idea of a *special work* performed by the person—including the idea of the way in which it was effected.

These ideas it will be the object of the speaker on the present occasion to attempt to unfold, hold up and illustrate to this assembly. He is profoundly sensible of his incompetency—after all the years he has spent in studying the significance of these ideas, and endeavoring to instruct others to apprehend their right meaning—to do anything more than to afford glimpses of the wonderful truths comprehended under them. I shall not attempt to comprehend the *whole* of the truth. Who can compass what is high as heaven, deep as hell, broad as the universe, and extending from eternity to eternity? Still, we may catch some aspects of the mighty theme, adapted profoundly and thrillingly to instruct our minds and affect our hearts; for we are *personally* most especially interested in learning something of what this wonderful language means, and how it is related to our condition and destiny.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." First, we are to consider the *person* designated. It was a *person* to whom the Baptist called attention. The context reads: "The next day John seeth Jesus coming to him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." It was the man Jesus whom the

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preacher denominated the "Lamb of God." And who was this Jesus? He was incontestably a *man*—a human being invested, bodily and mentally, with all the essential attributes of our common humanity.

Among all the diversities of opinion respecting the character of Jesus, it is admitted that a human being bearing this name lived upon the earth, and *said* and *did* many wonderful things, about the time indicated by the Gospel history. Even the absurd mythical theory of Strauss admits that there was a *historical* Jesus, around whom the myths of after times gathered, and produced the mysterious character set forth in the gospels.

We may not hesitate, then, to accept the language of our text as *historical*, and setting forth an incident which did actually take place. A mysterious being, with the form and attributes of a man, who could be seen with the eyes and handled with the hands, whose face could be looked upon, and whose voice could be heard, did approach the speaker upon a specific occasion, and whose coming did prompt the language of the text. Then who was *he*? He was the identical person, now grown to maturity, whose birth some thirty years before was announced by a heavenly messenger to the astonished virgin mother; and when the predicted event occurred it was celebrated by the mingled voices of earth and heaven—the angelic hosts filling the vista of the disparted heavens, in the solemn stillness of the night, with their splendors and their songs, and the pious shepherds echoing as well as they might, with human tongues, the heavenly song.

It was the identical personage that, a short time before the event of our text occurred, was laid by the same speaker beneath the waves of the Jordan, and, rising from the sacred waters, the heavens were opened, and the Spirit of God descended and abode upon him, and the attesting voice was heard: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

From these events, and others of like supernatural character, which marked the birth and life of this Jesus, we are

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forced to the conviction—and it is eminently a *rational* conviction—that he was, though truly a man, something *more* than man: that he held a relation to the infinite Father of the universe which no other being did or could hold. We accept, in all its divine fullness and completeness, and in the highest, widest, deepest comprehension, the doctrine of the *Divinity* of Jesus Christ; and when we say the Divinity of Christ, we mean by it his absolute Deity, without any qualification or limitation.

We hold that Jesus Christ, who appeared as a *man* upon our earth nearly nineteen hundred years ago, was God “manifest in the flesh.” Receiving as a revealed fact that the constitution of the Eternal Godhead embraces a Trinity of Persons in one Divine Essence, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, we believe, as clearly predicted by prophecy, and verified by history, that the *Second Person* of this Divine Trinity did descend from heaven to earth and robe his Deity in humanity, enshrine his Divine Person, with all his infinite attributes, in a nature and form like ours, thus veiling his Divine glory with the drapery of real human flesh. We can not stop to discuss this vital subject. Its firm belief is essential to all true views and personal appropriation of the blessings of human redemption. We believe the doctrine of Christ’s Divinity not only from the plainest and most explicit declarations of the inspired word, but we have an additional ground of confidence in the fact that it is *assumed* in all the teachings of Christ himself and his apostles. It enters into the very substance, structure and Spirit of the revelation of God to sinful man. Take this element away from the Bible, and to me the whole would be an unmeaning enigma; or, rather, all the parts now so firmly compacted, so wondrously harmonized, so brightly illumined and glorified by the image of the Divine, would fall to pieces and become a chaos of commingled, confused and inexplicable fragments—nay, the entire Book would be stamped with audacious falsehood and blasphemy.

I can not conceive how a human mind can be so con-

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structed as to endure a contradiction so *total* and *enormous* as the *reception* of the Bible as the Word of God, and the *rejection* of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. I thank God that my mind is not so illogically and abnormally constituted. If I did not believe in the Divinity of Christ, I would reject the Bible as a "cunningly devised fable" and go over to the region of blank infidelity. If I did not believe that Jesus was the eternal Son of God, in the divinest sense, as he himself *proclaimed* himself to be; if I did not receive him as the "eternal life and the true God," as "God over all, blessed forevermore," as his inspired disciples, filled with the Holy Spirit, *taught* him to be, then must I regard him as the greatest of impostors and blasphemers.

We may as well, soonest as latest, take this ground unequivocally. There is no middle point on which we can find any stable footing. The whole stupendous scheme of human redemption topples over and falls into ruins and rubbish if it is rested on any other foundation than that of *Deity* joined with *humanity*, in the person of the Author of redemption.

On this point there must be no wavering of faith, no vacillation of confidence, no qualification of assertion, no incertitude of utterance, no lack of intensity in earnestness, no incompleteness or feebleness in demonstrative exposition, and no restraint in fervid and pathetic enforcement.

But is not this too much for the limited faculties of the human mind to grasp? What is to be understood by God *being manifested in the flesh* in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, called the Lamb of God in our text? Now, veil your faces and let your awed souls endeavor to form some proper conception of this most amazing fact. Ah, how little, puny and mean are the sublimest flights and the widest sweeps of the most strongly-winged imagination in comparison with the *reality*!

Take in the broad earth, with its plains and oceans, its mountains and rivers, and all its multitudinous and countless diversified objects on and beneath its surface, and then *think*

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of its *Maker*. Take in yonder sun and moon, and all the hosts of heaven scattered over the unthinkable immensity of space—think of their vastness and velocities, “wheeling unshaken through the void immense”; take in all the suns and systems and adamantine spheres, in uncounted and uncountable myriads filling the limitless universe of God, and then think of their *Maker*. Above all, take in the Heaven of heavens, “the star-paved land where all the angels stand up to their highest heights, in burning vows ascending,” and then think of *Him*, who, seated on “his living throne of sapphire blaze, before which angels tremble while they gaze,” receiving the adoration with veiled faces of cherubim and seraphim, and all the angelic hierarchies. Now turn, and think you of the Babe of Bethlehem, cradled in the manger, “amid the beasts of the stall,” and that Babe grown to manhood in humblest guise, at whom the finger of the great preacher is shown in the text as pointed, and his lips uttering the mysterious language, “Behold the Lamb of God.” Be astonished, O heavens, and confounded, O earth! That babe, that *man*, is the Maker of all the worlds and suns over which your imagination has ranged; that person is the enthroned monarch of all the hosts of heaven, the Lord of the natural and spiritual worlds! Oh, think you, it was not meet that all Heaven should be moved, though earth were dumb and insensate at this unutterable phenomenon—that amazement should seize their seraphic minds when, in obedience to the will of the Eternal Father, their exalted King and heir of the universe rose up from his throne, took the diadem from his brow, and laid aside his robes of royalty, and declared his purpose to descend to earth, and veil his Deity in human flesh! Oh, was it not meet, think you, that thrones, principalities, dominions and powers should follow him down the infinite steeps to earth, and announce and celebrate the consummation of the ineffable mystery of *God manifest in feeble flesh*?

This is the mystery of mysteries—the most stupendous fact in all the history of creation and providence, and, as has

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been truly said, "to which all preceding events point *forward*, and all subsequent events point *backward*"—the very *pivot* on which the wheel of eternal Providence, reaching from the eternity of the past to the eternity of the future, turns in its illimitable sweep. Yes, God was *incarnated* in the person of the man Jesus. Not an incarnation according to the heathenish notion of a divinity taking up his abode for a time in some man, and then passing into another; not according to a miserable and blasphemous pantheism, that God, the Eternal principle, is incarnated in every man, and so every man is God or a part of God! But the incarnation of God's revelation is that of the second Person in the adorable Trinity descending from the Throne of the Universe to this little revolted province of His illimitable dominions, and not only "wrapping Himself in our inferior clay," but taking our whole nature (sin excepted) into intimate communion with his own, and so indissolubly blending the two as to constitute one indivisible Person—the Lord Jesus Christ—the author of eternal salvation to all who believe and trust in him! This is the *fact*; and the Lamb of God, of our text, is the manifested realization.

And what is the significance of all this to us? We pass to consider this unspeakably momentous question. For what did the eternal Son of God become *incarnate*? Why this infinite condescension and humiliation? We have the answer before us: "*To take away the sin of the world.*" This brings us to consider the idea of the work performed by the Divine person—the God-man.

Now, what is *sin*? and what are its consequences? We should have some just conception of the import of these momentous questions, in order to appreciate the value of redemption from its power. *Sin* and *Redemption* are *correlative* terms; the meaning of the one must be understood by the meaning of the other. There is a contrasted correspondence and adjustment, one with the other. It has been

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so through all the phases of theological speculation, and the construction of various doctrinal creeds. Superficial views of the nature of sin go hand in hand with attenuated conceptions of the nature of atonement, or with a denial of the *fact* and the denial of the divine character of the atoning ONE. *This* is the divine definition of sin: "Sin is the transgression of the law"—the law of God—which is the faithful transcript of His character, "infinite, holy, just and good." The law is as the character of the Lawgiver. The penalty of its transgression must correspond with the nature of the law transgressed, and the character of the Lawgiver, whose authority is insulted and defied. This is a principle recognized in the enactment of human laws. Sin must, in this view, be an *infinite* offense, as it is an offense against the law and character of an infinite God. There is no escape from this logical deduction. The nature and turpitude of sin must be something far transcending the power of conception of a finite intelligence. Its appropriate and adequate penalty must hence be inconceivably dreadful when inflicted upon the transgressor.

But as we can not comprehend the full penalty of sin, by which its exceeding turpitude is properly measured, we must, in order to reach some just conceptions of its nature, consider its *effects* and *consequences*, as far as our limited capacity may be able to apprehend them.

It is not necessary to comprehend the whole of a thing to be able to form a correct understanding (to the extent of our powers) of the thing itself. Our notion may be *just*, so far as it goes, but still far from being comprehensive of the totality of its object. We repudiate that philosophy which teaches, contrary to reason and common sense, that if we can not *comprehend* a thing we can not *apprehend* it truly in any of its aspects. If this be true, then our whole existence is the sport of illusions and uncertainties, on every side and evermore. Our Maker has not so constituted us. We know what transgression of human law means, and that it must be

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punished in the person of the transgressor by the infliction of an adequate penalty, or the law is a *nullity*, and society and government, which are based on and bound together by law, are dissolved, and social anarchy and every evil work ensues. God's material and moral universe are under the dominion of law upheld and controlled by an intelligent and all-wise Providence. The violation of any particular law in either is followed naturally and inevitably, if not arrested, by a train of consequences, the extent and disaster of which we have not the elements of computation. Let the law of equilibrium, which keeps the heavenly bodies in our system in their place and course, be broken, they would rush in the wildest confusion through space, or be heaped together in a huge chaotic mass, the sport of lawless forces driving them with whirlwind fury into the sun, and hurling the whole disorganized and fragmentary system aimlessly through the frightened realms of ether. Every organism and living thing throughout organized and animated existence would be broken up and utterly perish in the awful catastrophe.

The confusion and disaster would not be circumscribed within the range of our system, but, through the relations and connections established between it and others, the material universe would feel the shock to its uttermost bounds, and chaos and night would come again.

Not less, but far more disastrous, as the interests are higher, more precious and enduring, are the natural consequences of transgression of the law of God's *moral* government. This strikes at the throne of the Eternal, whose "*habitation*, whose *pillars*, are justice and judgment." This is the transgression of law which is properly defined to be *sin*. Sin can not therefore be a trifle, as some would pretend—a slight offense, which God either overlooks or easily pardons. "Fools alone make a mock at sin."

It is that "abominable thing" in the universe which a God of infinite holiness preëminently hates, and must from

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his very nature condignly punish. It is daring rebellion against his authority and dominion, and if permitted to go unpunished, and hence allowed to increase and spread, would destroy his righteous government and overturn his throne itself. Order, harmony, peace and happiness, throughout the moral realm, would give place to confusion, disorder, strife and misery without end.

Not divine *justice* alone, but divine *love* and fatherly care of the interests and happiness of intelligent creation, requires of a holy and beneficent God the *punishment* of sin. And sin can be punished only in the sinning creature—in the infliction upon himself of the *penalty* of his transgression.

Sin inheres in the individual personality, and is demonstrated through the desires, volitions and acts of a free moral agent. When we speak of the *punishment of sin*, we use an abstract form of expression, which is to be construed *concretely* as the infliction of the penalty of the broken law upon the *individual* transgressor or transgressors.

Our immediate purpose, in these remarks, is to raise a right conception of the exceeding turpitude and remediless disaster of sin in the light of an offense against a holy God, who can, from regard to his insulted authority and the interests of the moral universe, “by *no means* clear the guilty.”

Let us remount to the original introduction of sin into our world, and briefly consider its consequences to the nature, relations and destiny of man, the transgressor. Man, made in the image of God and constituted with powers and affections to hold loving communion with his Maker and receive continually from his exhaustless fullness unceasing streams of life and blessedness, we are informed by the infallible voice of inspiration, *did*, in the exercise of the perfect freedom of will with which he was endowed as the crowning attribute of his moral constitution, *transgress* the command of his Maker.

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The poet has but feebly expressed the immediate result when he says:

“Earth felt the wound; and Nature, from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.”

No disaster in the range of nature could furnish a meet illustration of the dreadful shock of man's first transgression against the law of his Maker. It threw him at once to a measureless moral distance from his God—the only fountain of his life and happiness. It drew over the divine face an impenetrable veil which not a ray of that life-giving radiance could struggle through and shoot away to the far-off banished and darkened spirit of the sinning creature. The *benign* resplendence was hid, but still there were tokens of the divine existence behind the cloud in the lurid glare which fringed it, and in the angry lightnings which traversed its somber folds awful demonstrations of the change which had been wrought in the relations between God and man. But, still further, we hold steadfastly to the old doctrine that the change was not merely in these relations. The *interior* of the soul itself was affected most ruinously. Its powers were perverted, its affections depraved, and moral disorder reigned through all its domain. The eyes of its spiritual understanding were put out, and its powers of spiritual vision paralyzed, and so spiritual night and chaos supervened, and involved *all* within the conscious immortal existence.

We reject as totally inadequate all *superficial* notions of the nature and effects of sin as they immediately affected the original transgressor, and have been transmitted through the whole line of succeeding generations down to the present age. We shall not in this discourse enter into any theological discussion as to the process or constitution of things, by which sin was transmitted from Adam to his posterity. We accept

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the fact so explicitly stated by the apostle, "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

We hold that such was the *virus* of sin in our first parent, so tainted and smitten through and through in his whole nature by the deadly poison was he that it passed onward and infected all the successive generations issuing from him. So that every child of Adam coming into the world is infected by the fatal disorder of its original progenitor, and will naturally grow up and develop into an actual transgressor and an enemy to his Creator.

We believe in the doctrine of total depravity, *i. e.*, in the utter alienation of man in his *natural* state from God. We accept, in all their literality and terrible intenseness, the representations of Holy Writ on this subject. It is declared in the early history of the race that "God saw that the wickedness of man was very great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." The apostle declares of the whole race, "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God by the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." Again, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned." But the whole fearful fact is condensed in this brief but most terrible indictment: "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God; neither indeed *can* be. So that they that are in the flesh can not please God."

By nature we are all "children of wrath." "The wrath of God *abides*"—has settled down, and rests fixedly on the sinner. There is no exegesis or explanation that can extenuate the force of these explicit declarations of inspiration, and none that can fully disclose their real import.

Observation and history confirm the truth of the scrip-

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tural representations of the dreadful evil and universality of man's alienation from God.

What has our earth been since the original apostasy but a theater in which sin has been unceasingly carrying on its hellish purposes, defacing the fair works of God, driving the burning plowshare of hate, and ferocity, and anguish, and wretchedness through human bosoms, hurling defiance at Heaven's authority, trampling on Heaven's laws, blighting every green thing of moral promise, revelling in abhorrent crimes, and remorselessly sporting with the miseries its crimes produce? So far as sin is permitted to act out its real nature, it has made this beautiful earth of God's own handiwork, originally fitted up as a meet abode of angels and holy beings, a wide scene of moral desolation, reigned over by the personal monarch of evil, "the Prince of the Power of the Air—the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience," and peopled by his imps and incarnate fiends in the form of men. There is no crime, no horror, no dread, no calamity, no affliction, no anguish, no sorrow, no groan, no sigh—nothing that startles, shocks, shames, prostrates, smites, pierces, racks and rends the aching hearts and writhing bodies of the children of men—that is not due directly or indirectly to sin; and when we try the hopeless task of summing up the general account of all these revolting and saddening elements in human condition, we are arrested by the appalling accumulation in the incipient stages of arithmetical computation. *Such* is sin as reflected in the actual goings on within the range of living humanity.

But these tell but a small part of the dreadful story. They are but the sparks, the sudden flashes, the dense, somber smoke of a *hidden* fire, whose raging flames are suppressed by the restraining hand of a merciful Providence. The *soul*, the immortal soul itself, according to the divine teachings, is the *seat* of the monster. There is his throne and scepter, "reigns he there and revels," subjecting all thoughts, emotions,

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desires and volitions to his dire and absolute sway, and making it a miscreated, hideous and portentous thing in God's universe. A human soul cut off from God and at war with Him—the light, the life, the joy, the glory of the whole creation, darkened, corrupted, debased, smitten and blasted by the avenging curse of the Almighty Judge of quick and dead, and yet sustained in immortal consciousness, to *know* its state and *wherefore*! Oh, is there in all the illimitable domain of creation a sadder spectacle? And then there is no refuge, no cover, no rest, no hiding place, no respite, no escape, the wrath of God wrapping it round and round as a sheet of flame and *abiding* there. The ruin, the eternal ruin of the immortal soul is the final work of sin. And in the sublime strain of Robert Hall, "What language can describe, what imagination can conceive, the loss of the soul? And could we imagine the catastrophe in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be adequate to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his effulgence and the moon her brightness, to clothe the heavens with sackcloth and cover the ocean with mourning? Or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude of such a catastrophe?" Language is mockery in a case like this. The evil of sin requires the eternity of the soul's damnation to show forth its true desert. All the illustrations of wickedness and atrocity gathered from the history of man are but the small dust in the balance as examples of its intrinsic demerit to the wrath of God poured out without mixture or mitigation through all the slow-moving cycles of eternal ages.

We may form some conception of the former; but who can conceive of that remediless state where the undying worm *forever* stings, and the unquenchable fire *forever* burns? Who can imagine what it is "to dwell with devouring fire—to lie down in eternal burnings?" *Such* is the doom pronounced by

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the voice of God upon the impenitent soul when it passes into the eternal state. Sin has killed the body; that were a *small thing*. It has killed the *soul*, and that is *everything*. *All* is lost, eternally lost, in that *second* death. This is not the extinction of conscious existence. It is "to linger in eternal pain, and yet forbid to die." Such is the nature, and such the consequences of sin.

"Is there, then, no hope? Is there no way of deliverance from this wretched state of deep despair into which we are brought by sin?" These are questions which must rise in the anxious hearts of those who have a consciousness that they belong to the race of sinners. As a preliminary to their satisfactory answer, we must first dispel some fatal illusions which sin itself has gathered over the minds of those who would be saved from its dominion and doom.

1. There is no *help* in the sinner *himself*—no recuperative power within by which he can lift himself out of his deplorable condition. They but delude and destroy all hope in the case who teach that repentance and change of life are all that is necessary to bring pardon, peace and safety, or that in any sense the sinner can be his *own* Savior from sin and its condemnation. Equally futile is all dependence upon his fellow sinners. "None can by any means redeem his fellow"; all are alike in the same condemnation. One needs salvation as much as another, whatever difference there may be in their character and outward condition. All are guilty before God. None so high or so powerful that he can lend a helping hand to another, however low and weak.

No, were all the souls that now live on the earth, or have ever lived, to combine to rescue one poor soul from its thrall-dom, the effort were fruitless. Nor is there any more hope in reality in the countless millions of holy beings in the combined

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armies of heaven—in the thrones, principalities, dominions and powers of the heavenly hierarchy. These have neither the power nor the will to do anything for man's redemption. Among them all there is "no eye to pity, no arm to save" the condemned by eternal justice for rebellion against the sovereign authority of the Most High. Is there, then, no hope, no balm in Gilead, and no physician there? Is no answer to be returned to the piercing cry of the consciously guilty and lost, "What must I do to be saved"? Is there none to *take away* sin? for *that* is the great, all-comprehending *need*. While *this* remains, all else is *naught*, and worse than naught. Give the sinner the wealth of the world, all the gold and costly jewels which have been brought forth from, or yet remain in the veins and mines of earth, or in the depths and caves of ocean; give him the title deeds to all the real and personal property accumulated in the progress of human civilization—nay, let his proprietorship extend to other worlds and orbs, however distant in the fields of space—give him all the honors and exaltation of kings and potentates and the great ones whom the world past and present has delighted to honor; make him the sole monarch of the universal empire of the globe; give him every gratification which his senses, intellect and soul crave; and what availeth it all, while "sin, like a venomous disease, infects his vital blood"—while his defenseless head is bared to the blasting thunderbolts of the Almighty's wrath, and the arrows of His vengeance pierce him through and through, and rankle in every pore and fiber of his frame. Oh, who can take away sin? Our text gives the true answer: "Behold the Lamb of God that *taketh away the sin of the world*." Here is the good news—the glad tidings from heaven's eternal King proclaimed by the first preacher of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God"—and it has been sounding ever since in all the ravishing melody of heaven's own music over a guilty and condemned world.

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THE WAY BY WHICH THIS WORK IS EFFECTED.

The way by which this work is effected is as wonderful as the character of the Person performing it. He was the Almighty God; but he could not in this case, as in the creation of the world, *speak*, and it be *done* — *command*, and it *stand fast*. He could not do so, and his justice remain unharmed and his glory untarnished, and so the pillars of his throne stand unshaken. God's law was broken by the sinner, and his immaculate justice offended. There were interests to be cared for which not even Omnipotence could protect and conserve. There must be a previous *satisfaction* made to justice; the demands of the law must be met before sin could be taken away from a sinning world and a guilty creature.

This satisfaction was made and the demands met by the Lord Jesus Christ as the *Lamb of God*.

The phrase "Lamb of God" is frequently used in the sacred Scriptures as a prophetic and typical designation of our blessed Savior; and hence it has a peculiar, pregnant and most affecting signification in respect to us as *sinners*. It includes preëminently the idea of *sacrifice*, and that in a sense of the innocent suffering for the guilty — the literal *substitution* of a spotless victim for the condemned offender, and the acceptance, by the supreme Authority, of the sufferings and sacrifice of the substitute *in lieu* of the personal punishment of the real offender.

This is most impressively set forth in divers places in the Mosaic economy. The offender brought a lamb, or some other animal without blemish, to the altar, and there laying his hands upon the victim's head and confessing his sins, they were all transferred to the victim, and it was slain in sacrifice as the real offender, and the guilty one was sent away pardoned and freed. This was a *typical* ceremony, but most significant of the anti-*typical* fact.

There are other senses, doubtless, in which the designation "Lamb of God" is applied to our atoning Savior. It is

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the symbol of perfect innocence and harmlessness; but this one, of substituted or *vicarious* sacrifice, we hold to be the *main one*.

And now we are prepared for the amazing announcement, namely, that the incarnate God — God united to human nature, and constituting one personality, the Lord Jesus Christ, *did take the place* of the sinner in respect to the broken law, and endured the penalty in his behalf, and offered to God, the Father, His *own* sufferings and death as an all-sufficient equivalent for the punishment of every one *believing* in Him, the Divine substitute; and thus, as the spotless Lamb of God, *bearing the sins* of the transgressor, transferred and taken upon his *own* person, did He give himself a real and *literal* sacrifice to God — a *vicarious* victim to satisfy the claims of divine justice, and honor and magnify the violated law — while in virtue of this great atonement sin is removed from every sinner, however enormous his crimes and deep his pollutions, who will *believe* and *trust* in the Atoning Substitute, the suffering and slain Lamb of God. And we aver it as our profound and unshakable conviction that the efficacy of this whole transaction comes of its *vicarious* element, from the fact — stupendous, astounding, awfully mysterious and incomprehensible to human reason as it is — that the eternal Son of God, in human nature, the God-man, did *literally* and in his *own* person voluntarily assume the sinner's place, and bear the penalty of his transgression in his stead, when he took his nature, with all its infirmities, and suffered in the garden and on the cross, even unto death. This is the grand significance of His overwhelming sufferings and ignominious death on the cross. And it seems clear to me just as important in the proclamation of the Gospel that we should assert this *prime* feature in the *work* as the *God-head* in the *person* of our adorable Savior. They both must stand or fall together, and the time has come, ye ministers of Christ, when the stress of your ministrations must be thrown more concentratedly, in-

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tensively, demonstratively and exclusively upon these mighty themes of the gospel of the grace of God.

They are the Gospel. There is no Gospel at all with them left out. Am I told that human reason finds an insuperable difficulty in accepting the doctrine of a *vicarious* atonement for the guilty through the substituted sufferings of an innocent victim? What care I for the puerile perplexities and the irrelevant protests of perverted and purblind human reason, when I have the pure, clear light of God's revealed Word to illumine and guide me? I will walk in that light, however much blind reason clamors and babbles of the irrationality of my steps. Thanks be to God that he has endowed us with something higher than what infidels call *reason*. There is indeed a noble faculty in man by which he advances from truths known to truths unknown by a process of ratiocination from premises to conclusions. But there is a higher endowment than this in the human soul. There is a *spirit* in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. There is a *spiritual* faculty, with spiritual intuitions and a spiritual consciousness. This faculty, suppressed and deadened by sin, is awakened into life and consciousness by the Divine Spirit, and it apprehends, grasps and appropriates the higher truths "which make wise unto salvation." And herein is a *certainty* and assurance that transcends the convictions resulting from the conclusions of the most irrefragable arguments of the logical faculty. These conclusions contain no more truth than the premises from which they are drawn, and however legitimate and correct the reasoning, the conclusion will embrace all the fallacy which lies (perhaps unperceived) in the premises. If we do not accept the original proposition unchallenged, we can not rest satisfied with the proofs which sustain the ultimate result of the process of deduction. Not so with a true spiritual conviction. It possesses the soul with a certainty and "assurance for evermore," which no reasoning of the perverted understanding can shake. The "witness of the Spirit" is within the soul's deepest consciousness. Under

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the clear light and inspiration of this witness the loving apostle could exclaim, "We *know* we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness. And we know the Son of God is come and hath given us an understanding that we may *know* Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God and Eternal Life." Oh, thanks be to God that we have a higher and more unshakable ground of soul-confidence than the most consummate triumphs of human reason! These triumphs, if in accordance with truth, can not be contrary to the higher knowledge of which we have spoken; but how immeasurably they fall below, in certainty, the apprehensions of the spiritual consciousness purged and illumined by the Holy Spirit, whose peculiar prerogative it is to "take of the things of Christ and show them" to the believing soul! In the regeneration, all the regenerated shall be *taught of God* and "led into all truth." There is a bound to the discursions of the *logical* faculty. It is very serviceable in its sphere. It teaches man many things useful for him to know. We are not disposed to question its utility and to derogate from its prerogatives; but it can not teach us "the truth as it is in Jesus." There is a diviner power that does this, in whose presence human reason should be awed and reverentially submissive. And when it assumes to sit in judgment upon the mysterious realities of the spiritual realm, which it can not, from its nature, comprehend, it but babbles nonsense and blasphemy. Oh, thanks be to God again that he has given us a "sure word of prophecy," which rebukes the daring and impious assumptions of "science, falsely so called," and sternly says to the proud and aspiring reason of man, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Now, in conclusion, let us cast our thoughts back and consider whereunto our discussion has led us, and what more remains to be said to complete our conception of redemption from sin and its results. We have shown, in our feeble and inadequate way, that the eternal Son of God — God incar-

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nate — has been manifested in our world, to take away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He accomplished this stupendous result by his sufferings and death on the cross. He completed the work given him to do. It was *finished* when he bowed his head and yielded up his life amid the most terrible and inconceivable anguish of soul and body. Redemption is a *finished* work — *all divine*. There can be nothing added to it by human hands. It is a *gift* to sinful man. Sin we have seen to be a dreadful *reality*. It is a *fact* of the most terrible significance. It brings the wrath of a holy God to burn with its intensest fury against the sinner. Sin and redemption, then, are, of all subjects which concern the children of men, immeasurably the most important. All other subjects which can occupy the human mind in comparison sink into utter insignificance. But how is this divine work made available to the sons of men? "Christ *died* for our sins and *rose again* for our justification." We do not depend upon a *dead* Christ for redemption. He purchased the blessing with the price of his own blood, and died and was buried. But he rose from the grave by an act of self-omnipotence, and ascended on high with the memorials of his *completed* sacrifice, and now sits upon the *mediatorial* throne at the right hand of the eternal Majesty, where "He ever liveth to make intercession for those for whom he died." We have, then, a *living* Savior who *was* dead and *is* alive and *lives* for evermore, and "is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him." We come to Him by the simple exercise of faith in the all-sufficient merits of His atoning sacrifice. The act of acceptance of the precious redemption through Christ is not a *work* of righteousness which we can do, but an exercise of the penitent soul accepting in implicit and humble trust "the unspeakable gift" of salvation, freely offered "without money and without price." The righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise: "Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven (that is, to bring Christ down from above), or, who shall descend into the deep

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(that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is the word of faith which we preach; that, if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be *saved*." These are the words of an inspired apostle. Howsoever immeasurably rich the *gift*, yet we are not required to do some great thing in order to secure it. Simply *believe* in the Divine *Giver* and all is *ours*. This simple child-like *faith* unites the soul to the blest Redeemer, completely *justifies* it in the sight of a holy God through the righteousness of Christ Jesus—"it works by love, and purifies the heart and overcomes the world." Through the inworking of the Holy Spirit, this faith first justifies, then sanctifies, and finally glorifies the believing soul, and fits it for the immortal blessedness of the heavenly state, where it will be presented to the Eternal Father "with exceeding joy, being made perfect in Christ's righteousness." The redemption which is in Christ Jesus not only redeems and saves lost and miserable sinners, it "prepares them unto glory." And such glory! The glory of the Redeemer himself! They are admitted to share as one with him in his own life, blessedness and "exceeding weight of glory." There is no measure or limit to the blessings of redemption. "He that spared not his own son, but freely gave him up for us all, how much more will he not with him freely give us all things?"

Here, then, my dying hearers, on the authority of my Divine Master, I set before you this day *death* on the one hand, *remediless* death; on the other, eternal *life* and glory. I have described to you the awful *malady* of *sin*, of which you are the victims. I have pointed you to the sovereign *remedy*, all-efficacious and perfect, now freely offered to you through the Gospel of a once crucified, but now *risen* and exalted *divine* Redeemer. Here is the *bane* and the *antidote*, the *curse* and the *deliverance*. It is for you to *accept* with all your

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heart the precious boon and be forever saved, and eternally blest and glorified; or *refuse*, and abide forever under the curse and wrath of an offended God, who can "by no means clear the guilty." Oh, who can conceive of the tremendous issues involved in your acceptance or rejection of the Lamb of God, that alone taketh away the sin of the world? If "he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses, of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace?"

